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Our Homesick Gangsters (page 29)

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No Hoffa Foundation Yet

Tough times are ahead for American labor. New scandals will pop up; new investigations by the AFL-CIO on the prevailing practices of some unions will share the front pages with headlines of new Congressional investigations aimed at exposing what's wrong with some of the major labor organizations, or with American labor as a whole. Briefly, we have seen only the beginning of it.

At the very end of Paul Jacobs's much-plagiarized article in *The Reporter* early this year, there was a short quotation that contains the gist of the Hoffian philosophy: "I learned a long time ago that whatever you can do to me, I can do to you, only more."

From his position of strength as the Teamsters' leader, Hoffa will surely do his best to repay his enemies for what they have done to him —only more. He will not be too restrained in scavenging around in his enemies' past records for whatever he thinks may hurt them. The real test, however, will be whether or not he will succeed in winning away from the AFL-CIO some powerful unions that are already allied with the Teamsters: the machinists, for instance, the butchers, and the building trades.

The prospect of a split in American labor is very serious, and the split may be even more serious than that of the mid-1930's, when the industrial unions seceded from the AFL and formed the CIO. One of the basic issues at the time, perhaps even more important than that of the craft vs. the industrial pattern of labor organization, was that of union autonomy vs. centralized national control. By and large, the AFL was a loose federation of loosely organized national or international unions. The CIO was for a more centralized, though democratic, kind of unionism.

There is the prospect now that the AFL-CIO may turn into a new CIO headed by the former leader of the AFL, George Meany. Like the old CIO, it may be dedicated to the principle that high ethical and political standards are as vital to the wage earners as their material well-being. Hoffa, on the other hand, will become the champion of trade-union autonomy. He will hold a formidable grip on his own organizations and at the same time wave the flag of freedom—or at least of freedom from punctilious moralism.

YES, tough times are ahead for American labor. The danger of repressive legislation is rather serious—legislation enacted not only in the state capitals but also in Washington, and aimed at curbing not just the excesses but the power of labor. Certainly gone are the times when the so-called house of labor could be cherished by well-meaning men and women as an annex of the settlement house.

There is a great need from now on to follow with unstarry eyes what labor does to itself and what politicians do to labor. Needless to say, there can be no indulgence for crookedness and gangsterism. But we must also keep constantly in mind one fact: In that large complex dedicated to the production and distribution of goods which is called the American business system, labor has been the last to reach the stage of national organization. Methods still prevail in a number of unions that other sections of the American business community—now enthroned on the highest level of respectability—gave up one or two generations ago.

This junior partner in American business is certainly in for a hard scrub. It won't be too pleasant for labor, or too pretty to look at. But let's keep a very close watch, lest the baby be thrown out with the bath.

The New Nye

We haven't heard much about Bevanism of late, probably because one of its favorite topics, disarmament, has attained the respectable status of a subject of disagreement between the great powers. It also happens that "Nye" Bevan himself has gone respectable. Long unable to defeat the Labour Party's leadership, he now supports it with the

TO THE QUEEN

Elizabeth, your route in a fond dream
Is river-borne. I see the royal barge
Proceeding northwards on our eastern stream
At paddle pace, as you, the sovereign charge,
Wave a small hand to shores of waving hands.
So on the lower reaches all our poor
Wild young can see how majesty still stands
By gentle right and love's investiture;
And further on, by that high wall of glass,
The doubtful nations can perceive in you
Not merely something passing, as you pass,
But continuity, and beauty too.

Thus in our great diversity could we
Share common vision of your majesty.

—SEC

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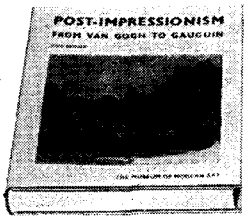

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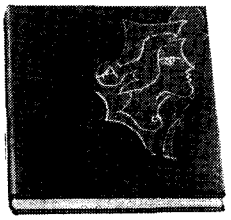

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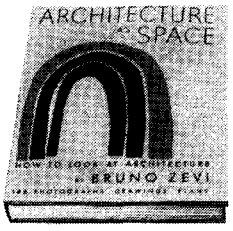

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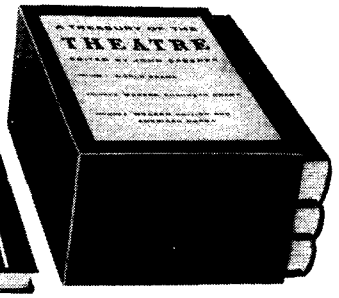

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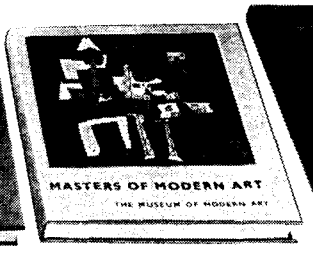

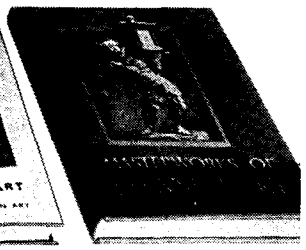

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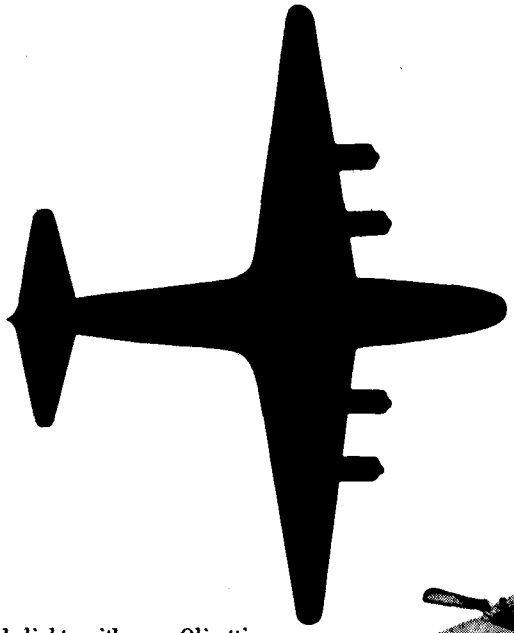

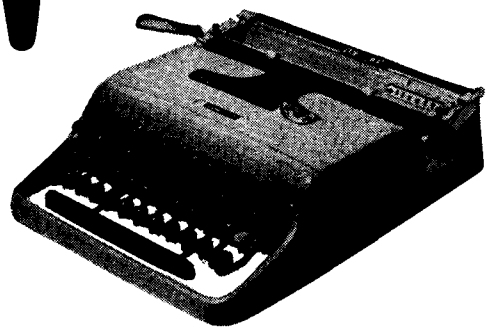

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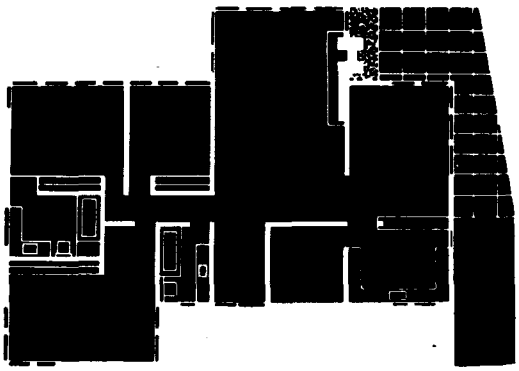

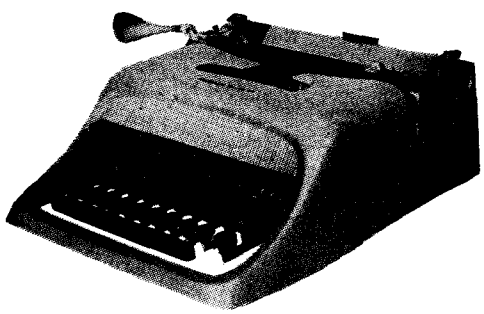

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same vigor he once used to oppose it. In this way he is secure in his present position as foreign minister in Labour's "shadow cabinet."

The big change in Bevan was shown strikingly at Labour's annual conference early this month. When a resolution came up to commit the Labour Party to unilateral nuclear disarmament for Britain, Bevan orated against it for forty-five minutes. It isn't likely that the resolution would have passed anyway, but Bevan's rejection of what had been a traditional Bevanite plank as an "emotional spasm" must have contributed to its overwhelming defeat—by a margin of more than seven to one.

The unreconstructed Bevanites must now think that even prospective power corrupts.

Our Synthetic Copperheads

A number of ghosts from the Civil War and Reconstruction have been conjured up to add to the bitterness of the crisis at Little Rock. Not all this summoning-up of emotion-laden symbols of the past has taken place south of the Mason-Dixon Line. A few Northerners have gone pretty far in returning to the images of the 1860's. We even have a few ersatz Copperheads in our midst. Their leader is David Lawrence, editor of *U.S. News & World Report*, whose October 4 issue is designed to be as divisive and inflammatory as the propaganda of the original Copperheads of Lincoln's time.

Thirty-five pages are given over to a hair-raising presentation of the situation at Little Rock under the evocative title "Another Tragic Era" (meaning Reconstruction). PARATROOPS OCCUPY A U.S. CITY, runs one scarehead (Federal troops have not been occupying Little Rock but guarding one school there against mob violence). "As a Mob Riots, Troops Move In, Blood Flows," runs a subhead, referring mainly to the minor wound suffered by a man named C. E. Blake when he tried to wrest a rifle from a soldier. Close-up pictures of bayonets abound, along with bold-slugged interviews with citizens who "saw rifle butts and bayonets at work"—chiefly upon the martyr Blake. Page after page is designed to convey an atmosphere of

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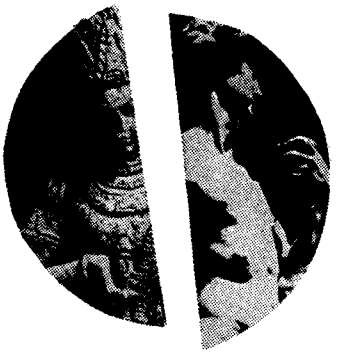

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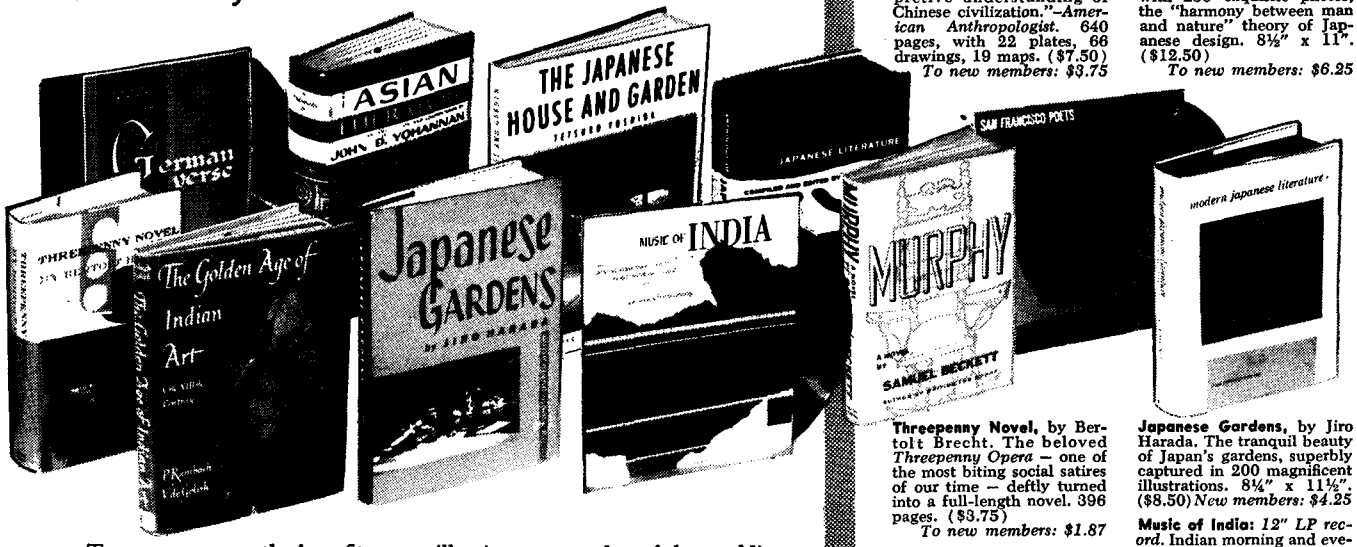

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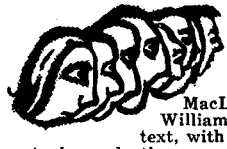

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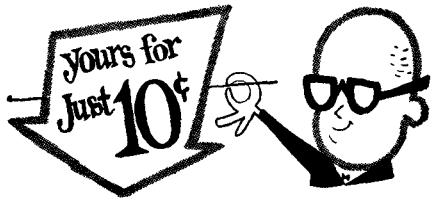

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terror and desolation. A PEACEFUL CITY THAT BECAME A BATTLEGROUND, runs another head, and an unnamed Regular Army officer is quoted as saying that troops might be on duty "Indefinitely. We stayed in Germany 15 years."

We are glad to report that another conservative organ, the *Wall Street Journal*, had its own men on the spot, and that what they saw was quite different. Instead of an obsession with "unsheathed bayonets in the backs of schoolgirls," as Governor Faubus put it, they found that citizens in Little Rock were taking the presence of Federal troops "a good deal more lightly than the nation at large may realize." They reported that the city's Negroes and whites were crowding side by side into stores and elevators without any incident whatever and that the "vast majority" did not appear "emotionally wrought up." Such nervousness as existed was less the result of the Federal troops' presence than of fear about what a few extremists might do when the troops left.

U.S. News featured pictures showing bayonets being raised toward the backs of white schoolgirls. Other publications showed pictures of these same girls and the Federal troopers smiling at each other—fraternizing, no less.

As our editorial points out, there is no use conjuring up the ghosts of the Civil War. Aside from anything else, it's silly.

And We *Mean* Silly

During the Southern governors' conference with President Eisenhower, we dropped by the White House for a look at John Kasper's picket line. Only seven showed up, including the leader. They all carried placards: "Faubus for President," "We Demand the Constitution," "Release Arkansas from the Palace Guard," "Down with White Traitors," "Little Rock, Hungary, Poznan."

We moved past a young Negro policeman, his back to the line, and joined a youngster dressed in a light-blue jacket, pink shirt, and peg-top trousers hiked up high enough to show his chartreuse socks. His sign read "End Armed Terror." "No comment, no comment," he kept repeating; "I don't want to say anything wrong." We turned to a girl in bobby socks and asked her name: "Did Kasper say I could tell you?" she demanded. A sandy-haired young man dressed neatly in gray flannel was less reticent. He identified himself as a New Yorker, a Columbia graduate who had majored in political science. "We have nothing to fear from the Russians," he said quietly. "The kikes are at the bottom of the integration movement. It's as simple as that."

We noticed that the placard Kasper held in his right hand, red lettering on white, red in part: "All This Shall Pass Away." We're sure it will.

The Lucky One

One Spanish soldier has been successful where five Spanish sailors, so far, have failed. In our September 5 issue we reported the unusual circumstances surrounding the return to this country of five sailors who had sought political asylum in Mexico when their ships docked in San Diego harbor.

It now appears that Fernando Lora-García, a twenty-two-year-old deserter from the Spanish Army, walked across the border into Mexico a free man one night recently. His odyssey began in Spain one year ago when he stowed away in a Dutch ship bound for Canada. In Canada he was turned over to the authorities, who put him aboard another Dutch ship bound for the Canary Islands, which are Spanish. This ship, however, docked first at San Pedro, California, where Lora-García jumped ship. He was picked up by immigration authorities and held again for deportation to Spain, but a scheduled deportation hearing was canceled when the soldier, with the help of the American Civil Liberties Union, requested that he be granted voluntary departure from the United States into Mexico.

The five Spanish sailors who are still being held at the border patrol detention camp, Chula Vista, California, just a few miles from the Mexican border, will rejoice if they hear of the success of their comrade in arms.

We have been assured that the State Department has kept strictly out of the soldier's case.

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CORRESPONDENCE

SINS OF A COMMISSION

To the Editor: "The FCC—Who Will Regulate the Regulators?," by Robert Bendiner (*The Reporter*, September 19), hit the nail on the head. The climate at the FCC has degenerated into one that is almost unbelievable. Decisions are made without any regard for law or good morals. The result is that the country would probably be better off without the FCC.

It is my hope that articles like this will help stimulate public indignation to a degree that we may be able to do something about this situation. I have brought it to the attention of the membership of the Committee on Legislative Oversight, which is going to go into this matter, and I am very sure that it will serve as a helpful primer to them.

JOHN D. DINGELL
House of Representatives
Washington

To the Editor: I am in thorough accord with the conclusions of Mr. Bendiner. The *ad hoc* approach to the solution of problems coming before the Federal Communications Commission bodes ill. It is articles such as Mr. Bendiner's that will give the FCC the necessary jolt and may prod it into mending its ways.

EMANUEL CELLER
House of Representatives
Washington

THE WALLACE INTERVIEWS

To the Editor: With regard to Marya Mannes's piece in *The Reporter* of September 19 and my "posture of exposure"—yes, it is a posture. One that we similarly employed in exposing, if you will, the head of the Ku Klux Klan, Philip Wylie, Earl Browder, Mickey Cohen, Governor Faubus, Diana Barrymore, Frank Lloyd Wright, and Margaret Sanger. By now I would rather imagine that we had given our network audience a look at the spectrum of our interests, namely, anyone anywhere who has had an impact, for good or evil, on the society in which we live.

With reference to the Otash interview, we consciously cleansed it of specific names, specific incidents, or discussion of the trial that was then under way. We said that we were after the methods, the money, and the morality of a private detective. Our perfectly legitimate news peg was the *Confidential* trial, with which he was involved.

MIKE WALLACE
New York

VINDICATING VIRGINIA

To the Editor: Benjamin Muse claims that Virginia is "sadly deficient" in public services ("The Durability of the Byrd Machine," *The Reporter*, October 3). I cannot agree. One type of service most easily demonstrated is public roads. When you include what is usually referred to as farm-to-market or secondary roads, I do not know of any state

Who will look after Anna . . . . where will she go?

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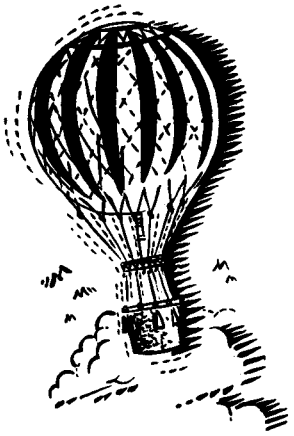

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in the Union which has a better road system than Virginia.

I don't know how school experts evaluate the quality of public education in a given state, but certainly it can't be determined solely by the salaries paid schoolteachers. The current salaries of Virginia schoolteachers are too low, but the Democratic candidate for governor will recommend a suitable increase in the next budget. As to school equipment, I think that in school buildings and equipment Virginia compares favorably with other Southern states. There are, of course, some states richer than Virginia, but they were not the battleground of the Confederacy and had no Reconstruction problem.

Just criticism can be made of the provision made in Virginia for the treatment of mental ills, but a very substantial increase in state appropriations for that purpose is being planned for the budget that will be presented to the state legislature convening next January.

Some people think that a state renders a good public service when it so administers its functions as to impose no unnecessary tax burden upon the citizens of the state. The big influx of industry into Virginia during the past twenty-five years because of a favorable tax climate is mute testimony to the fact that if efficiency and economy in a government is a public service, Virginia is entitled to a high rating on that score.

I would not care to swap the kind of government we have in Virginia with any other state of which I have personal knowledge.

A. Willis Robertson
U.S. Senate
Washington

MR. ACHESON AS ESSAYIST

To the Editor: Hurrah for that altogether delightful *causerie*, "Culture After Breakfast," by Dean Acheson, in your issue of September 19! Its charm, its unobtrusive humor, its graceful expressions and allusions, its thoughtful reflections, and, above all, its ripe humanity give exceptional pleasure.

I do hope that Mr. Acheson may be induced to appear in your columns whenever he finds time and opportunity to write. Few men in our time write so well.

Benjamin H. Kizer
Spokane

To the Editor: Long an enthusiast of your magazine, I'm now moved to say so by the short piece composed by Dean Acheson. Now I feel sadder about his departure from the government. He will salve this condition, however, if he will write more of his observations.

Bernard Steinzor
New York

THE OHIO

To the Editor: William H. Hessler's grasp and understanding of the contribution of this great river and valley to the nation's economy are enormous ("Big Boom Along the Ohio," *The Reporter*, September 19). We were particularly happy for him to discuss

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the tax flow back into the Federal Treasury, although there is a good deal more to be said on this phase, and indeed on the relationship between private investment in the Ohio Valley and government investments in atomic-energy installations and river improvements.

HARRY M. MACK
President
Ohio Valley Improvement Association, Inc.
Cincinnati

To the Editor: William H. Hessler's article is an excellent report on what happened in the Ohio Valley.

The only criticism I would have to make concerned Mr. Hessler's comment that the atomic-energy installation cost of $1.6 billion dollars and the $200 or $300 million cost of river improvements is pump priming on a lordly scale. This may have been an inadvertent statement on the part of Mr. Hessler because in the same paragraph and later on he refers to these two items as public investments, which in my opinion is what they really are.

To a great many people pump priming is often considered an unsavory term, just like boondoggling. I do not think, however, that Mr. Hessler really had in mind pump priming in its unsavory sense when he used the term in the context of his article.

MORRIS CREDITOR
President
The Ohio River Company
Cincinnati

COMPULSION AND THE FIFTH

To the Editor: In an article on the televised labor-rackets hearing (*The Reporter*, September 5), Marya Mannes pointed to the "healthy" anger of many people "against the manipulation of the decent by the corrupt, at the deep fouling of American life, at the unchecked license of greed, at the travesty of law." "Mr. Dio himself," Miss Mannes wrote, "read the Fifth 137 times without prompting."

Let me suggest that there is another facet to this spectacle which Miss Mannes wholly missed. It is this: In compelling a witness to "take" the Fifth Amendment as often as 137 times, the members of the Select Senate Committee revealed either a pathetic lack of understanding of the Constitutional mandate that a witness cannot be compelled to give evidence against himself or, what may be even worse, they revealed a contempt for the Constitution they are sworn to uphold.

This June, in deciding the Watkins case, the United States Supreme Court said: "We have no doubt that there is no congressional power to expose for the sake of exposure." What were Senator McClellan and his senators doing but exposing for the sake of exposure (which is not their proper function) when they kept Dio and other such witnesses on the stand in the face of every indication that these witnesses had no intention whatsoever of testifying against themselves?

I think the greater crime was on the senatorial side of the table.

NATHAN L. SCHOICHET
Beverly Hills, California

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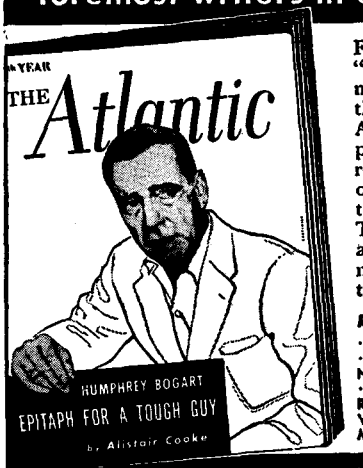

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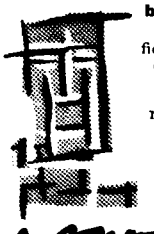

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

OUR READERS will not be surprised that **Max Ascoli's** editorial in this issue is on Little Rock. What has been happening there is bad enough but, as the editorial shows, the impact of Little Rock goes well beyond Arkansas and the problem of racial relations in the South. . . . A portrait of Governor Faubus is provided by a free-lance writer who happens to be a citizen of Little Rock, the Reverend **Colbert S. Cartwright,** pastor of the Pulaski Heights Christian Church.

The administration came into office promising a sound dollar. But lately even our dollar, the soundest of all currencies, has shown some evidence of that particular form of swelling called inflation. Or is it inflation? Recently, international experts met in Washington, where they registered their deep concern over this state of affairs. Their cogitations are reported by **Sidney Hyman,** author of *The American President.* . . . The singular power brought to bear on the destiny of our dollar by a man not widely known to the general public, William McChesney Martin, is described by **M. J. Rossant** of the staff of *Business Week.*

THE EISENHOWER DOCTRINE, proclaimed last January in order to cope with the chaos of the Middle East, has so far met with precious little success. The Middle East remains as troubled as ever and the administration is now facing a state of affairs in Syria that could easily turn out even worse than last year's Suez crisis. **Chalmers M. Roberts** is on the editorial staff of the Washington *Post and Times Herald.* . . . Our Mediterranean Correspondent, **Claire Sterling,** has been interviewing some very odd characters in Rome and Naples: gangsters who have been deported from the United States to their native Italy. Many of them can hardly speak Italian and, like all the rest, "Lucky" Luciano seems to be rather homesick for the land where he was younger and more successful. . . . During **Hans Rogger's** travels in the Soviet Union, he did not interview Mr. Khrushchev; he talked instead with a great many plain people, since his main interest was to find out how ordinary citizens live and what they hope for. Mr. Rogger is a member of the faculty at Sarah Lawrence College.

Madeleine Chapsal, a French writer and frequent contributor to *The Reporter,* explores the influence that America wields in France, not so much in political or economic matters as in various social and cultural realms that the French have always considered their own special province. . . . **Roger Maren** had a talk with a young American jazz composer who claims to find a point of reference for his work in the quality of *"enargia"*—a term much used throughout the Renaissance, he assured Mr. Maren, and discoverable in specialized dictionaries available to the classicists of Princeton, where the composer has studied. Mr. Maren also lives in Princeton. . . . **Marvin Felheim,** a professor of English at the University of Michigan, is spending a sabbatical year in England. . . . Rather than dignify Jack Kerouac's novel *On the Road* with a serious review, **George R. Clay** has written a parody of its aimless excitement and anger. Two of Mr. Clay's short stories appeared in Martha Foley's *Best Short Stories of 1956.* . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith,** Professor of Economics at Harvard and author of *The Great Crash, 1929,* makes his own amusing comments on *Parkinson's Law*—whose author, Professor C. Northcote Parkinson, we are delighted to identify as the Raffles Professor of History at the University of Malaya.

Our cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

Our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** is on leave of absence, having been granted an Eisenhower Fellowship that will allow him to visit a number of foreign countries including Britain, Russia, and India.

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VOLUME 17, NO. 6 **OCTOBER 17, 1957**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

THE CURSE OF INDECISION—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 12

The Money Managers

SIXTY-FOUR ECONOMIES IN SEARCH OF A POLICY . . . . . *Sidney Hyman* 14

THE GROWING POWER OF WILLIAM McCHESNEY MARTIN . . . *M. J. Rossant* 18

At Home & Abroad

THE IMPROBABLE DEMAGOGUE OF LITTLE ROCK, ARK. . *Colbert S. Cartwright* 23

THE EISENHOWER DOCTRINE FAILS IN SYRIA . . . . . *Chalmers M. Roberts* 25

THE BOYS WHO MADE BAD . . . . . *Claire Sterling* 29

COMPLACENCY, CONFORMITY, AND A MOSKVICH IN EVERY GARAGE . . . . . *Hans Rogger* 31

Views & Reviews

AIN'T NOBODY HERE BUT US COMMERCIALS . . . . . *Marya Mannes* 35

MAIS CE N'EST PLUS LA FRANCE . . . . . *Madeleine Chapsal* 37

POP GOES THE 'ENARGIA' . . . . . *Roger Maren* 40

A MONARCH IN EXILE . . . . . *Marvin Felheim* 43

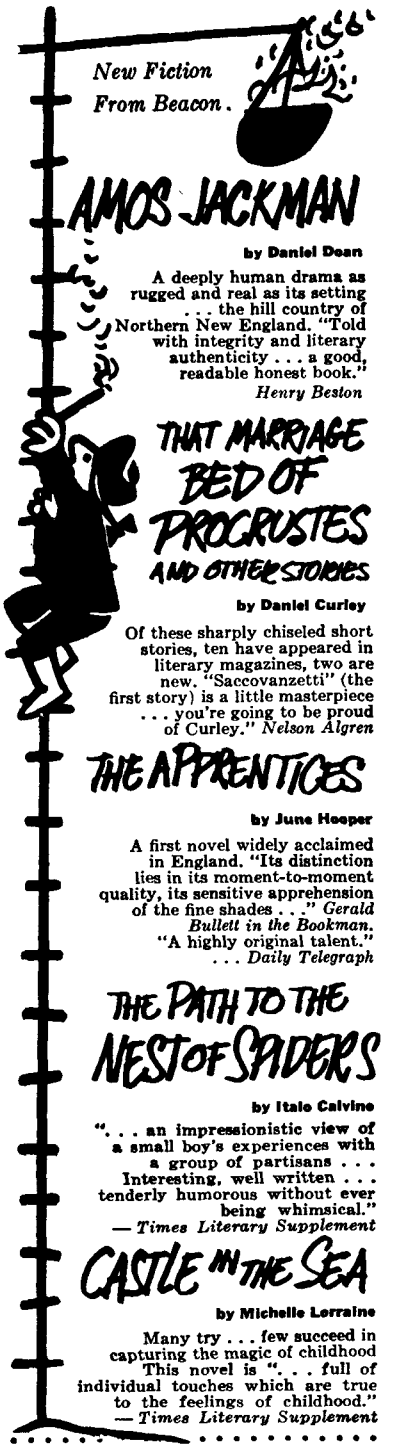
A SLEEPLESS NIGHT WITH THE BEAT GENERATION . . . . . *George R. Clay* 44

MANY HANDS MAKE HEAVY WORK . . . . . *John Kenneth Galbraith* 46

BOOK NOTES 48

Editorial and Business Offices:
136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.



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The Curse of Indecision

It was bound to happen: The Supreme Court ruling on desegregation had been flouted so flagrantly and repeatedly by Southern authorities and mobs that the Federal government could not help quelling one of these brushfire rebellions with a show of force. The President, it has been said, had no alternative. Do we need to say that the President was right? Maybe we do, for this is one of those occasions when every citizen must take his stand. We must also respectfully add that a man does not deserve much credit for acting as an agent of necessity—particularly when this man is the Chief Executive of a powerful, free nation.

This is a strange, sad kind of national unity that extends throughout the country, with the exception—we are sure not total—of the South. We have all to bow to the inevitable, and can play only a few variations on the theme it dictates. This is a rather unseemly way to practice freedom. But, like the President, we have no choice. All citizens, particularly those who pass public judgment on our nation's affairs, must subject themselves to unquestionable and definite obligations.

We must, first of all, avoid evoking the ghosts of the Civil War and of the post-Civil War Reconstruction. No one in the South, we suppose, is even dreaming of secession, and the prospect is rather remote that spokesmen for a new Confederacy-to-be will appeal to the U.N. and ask to have the Southerners' right to self-determination recognized. Senator Eastland of Mississippi, on learning of the President's order to send Federal troops to Little Rock, exploded: "This makes Reconstruction II official." The senator could use a refresher course in history. He would learn then how great is the difference between Northern war chieftains like Generals Philip Sheridan and Daniel E. Sickles, who, following an order of Congress, took over the "conquered provinces," and Major General Edwin A. Walker, commander of the Federal forces in Arkansas, who gave the children of Central High one of the best lectures on civics ever delivered in any high school.

In fact, there has been too much talk about the need for keeping this nation "one and indivisible." The nation's unity is not in danger, and there is little assistance to be derived from the memories of Abraham Lincoln or of Robert E. Lee, unless it is from their unsurpassed dedication to duty. At the utmost, the unity of the Democratic Party is in danger, and that can scarcely be considered a new departure in our history.

What afflicts the nation now is a deficiency of the national will. Even this negative, passive unity around the President is an evidence of this. We all, the President included, cannot help being sad, patriotic, and virtuous. But this is not the re-enactment of the old drama that shook the nation in the second half of the nineteenth century. This is not—even remotely—the unmaking of the Union that came into being at the end of the eighteenth century. This is a brand-new drama, entirely unrehearsed, the drama of national indecisiveness in the second half of the twentieth century.

Stuck With *The Federalist*

From this viewpoint General Eisenhower is the perfect representative of the nation. Since the beginning of his administration, this man who had been a reluctant candidate for the Presidency has exhibited a striking reluctance to use his power as Chief Executive. In his formal addresses to Congress, in his campaign speeches as well as in his press conferences, he has always made it as clear as he could that Federal government acts best when it acts least.

Since he has been twice nominated by his party and twice elected by the nation, it would be unfair to attribute sole responsibility to him for the consequences of the principles he has repeatedly, if cloudily, proclaimed. On countless occasions he has stated his belief that the Federal government had encroached on too many activities that the states are better suited to handle. His motives have been of a most laudable nature, for unquestionably the essence of democracy lies in the correlated existence of many centers of self-government. The trouble is, however, that in the President's mind the two major protagonists of self-government are still the same as they were when the Constitution was written. Perhaps, as has been said, he has actually read *The Federalist* lately, and still wonders who had a

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better case: Hamilton, Madison, and Jay, or the uncompromising champions of states' rights.

Actually, there are centers of self-government at work today of a type that would bewilder even the writers of *The Federalist*. There are, as the President should know, big business and big labor and the great interstate authorities and the powerful voluntary associations for the protection of special interests. Indeed, the running of the Federal government itself, with all its semi-independent or regulatory agencies, has become a fantastically complex affair, requiring the utmost administrative and political skill.

Yet, just at this particular phase of our history we have a Chief Executive who still thinks of the states as the basic unit of government, to be supplemented or sustained by the government of the nation. What has been happening in the case of the relations between the white and colored people in the South has been profoundly affected by this trait in the President's mind. For here there are not only the Southern states to be reckoned with but also what may be called the Southern region as a whole. It is not to be found in the Constitution, yet it exists. What happens to the people of the region, white and colored, is frequently the result of sustained efforts and trends that are regional in scope, affecting every Southern state and—ultimately—the nation.

IF THE ruling of the Supreme Court is to be enforced, if the South is to be prevented from becoming a center of blatant disobedience to Federal laws, then a great power for good may come from Northern capital that the Southerners themselves are eager to entice. The President is not supposed to be against capitalism; among his friends and golf-links associates are men who have developed sizable businesses in the South. Yet from the time of the Supreme Court decision, the President has never stopped putting his sole reliance in the state governments. He has said it so frequently and his sayings on the subject have been quoted so widely of late that we do not feel like inflicting them on our readers. With the same vigor, the President has stated over and over again that he could not imagine that any set of circumstances would ever induce him to send Federal troops to enforce an integration order of a Federal court.

In his attitude toward integration the President has never deviated. He has never sought to influence, directly or indirectly, the antagonistic groups that have organized themselves in the Southern region. He has never brought his prestige to bear on the Congressional leaders of that region, or, for that matter, until lately on the Southern governors themselves. He has refused to act as a politician or as a statesman or as a spokesman for the national conscience. He has never used his influence with business or with labor or with the churches. As a result of his mounting, cumulative inaction, and after he had repeatedly proclaimed that the intervention of Federal forces, in spite of ever-increasing provocation, was unthinkable, no other course was left him but the one he had prayerfully abjured.

The danger from now on is that either the will of the courts may be flouted over and over again or that Federal bayonets may be brought into other Southern communities at the call of any local demagogue on the make.

The Army's Very Best

The Federal troops that have been sent to Little Rock are of the type specially trained and equipped to quell brushfire wars. The 101st Airborne Division is one of the very best in our Army, and it is constantly used as a showpiece whenever our government wants to impress foreign potentates visiting Washington. It is in condition of constant readiness, and could be flown to any trouble spot in the world on very short order—if only we had the planes. Unfortunately, we have not.

Again, the President is not to be blamed for having sent troops from the 101st to Little Rock: In such an emergency nothing but the best and the readiest could be used. But we have to face the fact that from now on our soldiers may have to be deployed for what are called tripwire operations, both abroad and at home. Our reserves of wire on which domestic and foreign troublemakers may trip are far from unlimited, considering the zest exhibited by Secretary Wilson during his last weeks of tenure in cutting down armed manpower and weapons and planes—briefly, everything.

But the administration is as unworried about foreign affairs as it was, until a few weeks ago, about law enforcement in the South. Armed intervention is considered possible only if requested by a foreign government, as the Eisenhower Doctrine proclaims, or by the U.N. The initiative is left to others, and we are ready to act only as their understudies. For the rest, as the President and the Secretary of State never stop saying, we want peace, peace. As they have stated so frequently, there is no alternative to peace. At the same time, there is nothing that can even remotely be called a substitute for war. In any case, we do not choose to take the initiative: At the utmost, we react when we are asked to or if the enemy invites us to retaliate.

THE REAL LESSON of Little Rock is here, and we are lost unless we learn it. In Little Rock, the administration was driven by its own indecision and inaction to use the very means of persuasion it had abjured. In international affairs, considering that with all our talk of massive retaliation we have dedicated ourselves to stockpiling absolute or near-absolute weapons we do not want to be the first to use, the present trend can only lead to the ultimate disgrace of surrender.

How many more Little Rocks do we need before we wake up?

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Sixty-four Economies In Search of a Policy

SIDNEY HYMAN

THE STRANDS of money, credit, and trade that help give the non-Communist world its tenuous political unity are badly overstrained. The stress must be eased before the breaking point is reached, but it seems fairly clear that it cannot be done by leaving the matter to the care of self-adjusting "economic laws." It can only be done by political decisions, which the United States must take the lead in making. The alternative to a politics that can impose its binding force on economics is an economic collapse that may destroy the very political alliances on which the United States has based its leadership of the non-Communist world. This is the heart of what was said at the late September meeting in Washington of the finance ministers, central bankers, and senior treasury officials of sixty-four nations.

These men, assembled for the annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank (known more formally as the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development), hold in their hands the most fateful of responsibilities. They, more than any other government officials, must find the economic means to make good on the promise of an ever-improving state of material well-being that is to be reached by democratic instead of totalitarian means. Since these men stand on the common frontier where order ends and disorder begins, the cry of danger that they voiced in Washington cannot be ignored.

FIRST OF ALL, they were concerned with the present institutional strains in the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, created at Bretton Woods in 1944 as United Nations agencies (though no Communist country except Yugoslavia is currently a member). The objective of the World Bank is to facilitate the movement of surplus investment capital from the highly developed to the underdeveloped areas of the world. The objective of the International Monetary Fund is to help stabilize the flow of international trade by stabilizing the rates at which importers of goods using one national currency buy the various foreign currencies they need to pay the exporters of the goods.

For all their usefulness, however, both institutions are under siege. The World Bank's capital borrowings of $322 million in the previous fiscal year enabled it to make development loans of more than $338 million during a comparable period. Yet the current tightening in the physical supply of capital for investment in World Bank bonds—with an attendant increase in interest rates—necessarily points to a more tight-fisted World Bank lending policy to underdeveloped countries.

As for the International Monetary Fund, a series of shocks that upset world-trade patterns in the last fiscal year required it to grant stabilization help of $1.114 billion to member nations while agreeing to $1.212 billion more in stand-by credits. All it has left now is $1.5 billion to meet any new and heavy demands on its paid-in resources. Nor is it the kind of financial institution that can go into the capital market and borrow new funds against bonds. Its resources come from the deposits of member nations—which means, in the case of the United States, grants approved by a doubting Congress.

A second and related concern of the financial authorities who met in Washington was whether the fluctuating currencies in the foreign-exchange markets could be stabilized without devaluation of the British pound sterling and a revaluation upward of the West German mark. This was serious enough. But it was charged with an undercurrent of resentment that Germany, a former enemy of most of the nations represented in Washington, should now have the economic upper hand over its victors in the Second World War. Moreover, that this should have resulted from a government policy that tolerates unemployment, lower wages, fewer social-security benefits, and is free from the NATO defense burdens the late victors sustain only made matters worse.

THE POSSIBILITY of a devaluation in the pound presents an especially ominous threat because of the fact that more than a third of all world trade is transacted in this currency, even though London is not sovereign over the uses to which it is put. London merely acts as the central banker for the many nations that use the pound in their trade. Still, if there should be a devaluation of the pound because of the domestic pressures in the British home economy and the external pressures of other nations in the sterling area, the effect would profoundly unsettle almost all other economic standards of value.

The danger here was not removed entirely at the recent meeting of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. Rather, the maximum effort was made to create a climate of opinion in which concrete measures could later be taken.

To begin with, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer Peter Thorneycroft, Hans Karl von Mangold-

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Reiboldt of the German Federal Republic, and Managing Director Per Jacobsson of the International Monetary Fund joined in a blunt pronouncement that the British pound sterling would not be devalued; it would and could be kept at the existing dollar exchange-parity rate of $2.80. At the same time, the West German mark would not be revalued. The mark would be kept at its present dollar value despite the startling accumulation during the past eight months of a huge capital reserve in the German Central Bank.

Speculators Beware

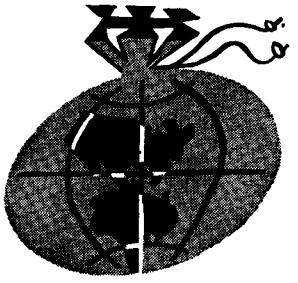
Several lines of argument were advanced to explain and support this ringing declaration of policy.

One had to do with Germany. It was explained that as of August, 1957, more than two-thirds of the foreign-exchange surplus accruing to the German Central Bank (then at the rate of $100 million a week) was not the result of Germany's exporting more goods than it imported. In point of fact, Germany's actual payment surplus in the first seven months of 1957 was sizably lower than it had been in the comparable period of 1956. What, then, accounted for two-thirds of the accruals in the German Central Bank?

The answer, it was said, lay in currency speculations—chiefly in the sterling area—by private traders, corporations, and banks. Because of the sudden devaluation of the French franc, thousands of speculators came to believe that the West German mark—serving one of the few non-inflated economies left in the world—was about to be revalued. Accordingly, they sold their sterling, and with the gold and dollars they drained away from Britain's reserves they bought West German marks while they were still "cheap," hoping for a handsome profit when the value of the mark was officially increased.

This helps to explain the run on the pound sterling. It was not the result of any deficit in Britain's balance of payments. Actually, Britain's external trading position in the fiscal year 1957 was strong. It showed a favorable balance of $600 million, *with a still larger surplus in prospect* for the year ahead. What, then, accounted for the run on the pound? The answer seemed to be that the same speculators who were betting on the German mark believed there would be a devaluation of the pound once Britain's gold and dollar reserves reached the vanishing point. Thus the speculators were doing everything they could to make sure that what they hoped for would in fact happen.

The clear intent of this line of argument at the Washington meeting was to stop both the run on the



British pound and the swift accumulation of reserves in the German Central Bank by informing speculators that their calculations were wrong. That is, since there was no good reason for any alterations in the currency values of Great Britain and West Germany, no such alterations would be made.

Mr. Thorneycroft made it emphatically clear that Britain meant to sustain the value of the pound abroad by a vigorous anti-inflationary program at home. Thus the British chancellor of the exchequer, in an address at the meeting of the World Bank and Monetary Fund, reviewed the measures he had already taken to make money scarcer by a drastic increase in the interest rate at the Bank of England, by a cutback on government spending, by a credit freeze at the banks, and so on.

Nor was this all. Mr. Thorneycroft reminded the world audience at the Washington meeting that Britain had other resources with which to preserve the integrity of the pound. It still had gold and dollar reserves of about $2 billion. It also had a right to draw at any time on a stand-by credit of $738.5 million from the International Monetary Fund. And as a clincher, Britain was ready to draw, if necessary, a line of credit in the amount of $561.5 million with the U.S. Export-Import Bank. (If it does this, incidentally, it may create special problems for the Eisenhower administration in the matter of keeping U.S. spending at a limit below our statutory debt ceiling of $275 billion.)

Still, the danger of a devaluation of the British pound has not been eliminated. Two elements of doubt remain. First, when monetary restraints are imposed on the assumption that the current British inflation is mainly due to the pressure of too much money, can they reverse the upward trend of prices? If the American experience is any precedent, the answer seems to be in the negative. The second element of doubt goes to the core of British politics, which is attuned to the idea of full employment, the welfare state, and unionized labor acting through a Labour Party. If full production, full employment, economic expansion, and stable prices prove irreconcilable; if, for example, some unemployment proves the economic precondition for over-all economic health, can British politics accommodate itself to this fact? It is on the answer to this question—and both Conservative and Labour Parties must face it—that the validity of the British pledges given at the meeting of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund may ultimately depend.

PARADOXICALLY, something equally dire may put an end to the general concern the Washington meeting expressed about the inflationary forces at work in the world's economies. What this may be was noted by Per Jacobsson in the course of a veiled challenge to the economic views voiced by an American spokesman at the meeting.

"The present situation," said Mr. Jacobsson, "is not all of one pattern; it is a spotty one; there are, indeed, some signs that inflation may no longer be dominating the *whole* economic trend. . . . Rather we seem to be in a position which, according to past experiences, is likely to occur when an investment boom has gone on for a certain number of years. Then the increased supplies resulting from past investments begin to reach the markets, acting as a strong counterweight to the remaining inflationary pressures." Other nations, he said, should not proceed on the assumption that a continued infla-

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tion in the United States might somehow validate their own inflations. Turned around, the warning here was that deflationary forces not clearly visible might even now be at work throughout large areas of the American economy.

THE SCRAMBLE on the world market for capital that can go into new investment continues unabated now. This fact, next to the question of currency instability, had the loudest reverberations at the Washington meeting.

Addressing himself to the matter, President Eugene Black of the World Bank spoke his conviction of the bitter truth. He conceded straight off the political seriousness in the shortage of development capital. This, he knew, was an especially acute problem in underdeveloped countries whose peoples grow impatient with leaders who do not fulfill promptly the promises given to improve living standards. He also knew that one of the greatest drains on development capital was represented by nonproductive investment that various governments were making for military supplies—an item representing for some countries between a quarter and a third of their budgets.

When defense was a life-and-death matter, Mr. Black refrained from criticism. But he asked: "Are there not too many governments today who, for reasons no more valid than prestige or ostentation, are channeling into expenditures on arms scarce resources which are thus denied to the needs of development? Where this is happening, I think that great risks are being taken with the hopes and expectations of their people for economic growth."

Nor, in his view, was this all that had a needlessly adverse effect on the supply of development capital for underdeveloped countries. A further factor was simple waste. "Every ill-planned or badly executed development project not merely consumes scarce resources," he said; "it also undermines the faith of people in the ability of free governments to produce concrete results to buttress their promises."

"Finally," said Mr. Black, "if governments become the prisoners of their own arbitrary development targets, in all probability something will have to give under the pressure of inflation and impatience generated because practice is not living up to the promise. And, perhaps, the greatest danger is not that development will give but that government by the consent of the governed will give." At the same time, if governments do not have well defined development goals—if they are only willing to talk about the objective of higher living standards without a willingness to pay for a time the price of tough-minded policy—then certainly the stability of the non-Communist world will be very much imperiled.

It should be emphasized again that Mr. Black was not insensitive to the purely political needs of many underdeveloped countries. "Economic development in those countries," he said on a previous occasion, "is not just a process; it is also an idea—a rallying cry for more and more millions who are aroused against their traditional poverty." If Mr. Black still acts like a careful banker, it is because the World Bank is not a philanthropic institution. Now more than ever it must show a profit on its aggregate loans if its bonds are to attract investment by people who can supply the new capital needed for development projects. All this in turn means that World Bank loans must be related to the real creditworthiness of the countries that are borrowing the money.

The Poor Get Poorer

The reverse of the coin, however, was shown by spokesmen for the underdeveloped countries. Although they agreed with Mr. Black that the national governments of many underdeveloped countries must accept their share of blame for economic difficulties, they pointed out that there were many economic factors over which the governments have no control—most of them external factors.

For example, a succession of technological discoveries and booming home markets in the highly developed, mature economies of the West have claimed a growing share of investment capital and left only small surpluses to be exported to underdeveloped countries, however deserving. Indeed, since there is a relatively high rate of profit on loans made in developed and industrialized countries, the natural flow of private capital has been *from* the underdeveloped countries *to* the developed ones.

When underdeveloped countries try to earn development capital by means of exports in excess of imports, the effort is nullified by several factors. The underdeveloped countries are essentially producers and exporters of raw materials, yet the technology of the West in some cases has led to synthetics that cut down or even displace the requirements for the raw materials the West once imported. Even without competition from synthetics, nonindustrial countries are losing out in both the volume and value of world trade. Whereas the exports of industrial countries advanced by fourteen per cent last year, the exports of nonindustrial countries moved up by only five per cent.

NOR CAN the latter meet their essential investment needs out of their internal resources, however hard they push a domestic savings program. When standards of living are at the bare subsistence level, withholding even five or seven per cent of the national income for reinvestment can lead to violent domestic disturbances. In contrast, some of the industrialized countries experience no difficulties whatever when their fixed investment runs at twenty per cent of the national output. All this means that the underdeveloped countries cannot help feeling a measure of disappointment over the growing disparity between their own levels of production, consumption, and trade and those of industrially advanced countries.

Finally, facilities such as schools, hospitals, housing, and waterworks, which the underdeveloped countries need before other types of economic activity can begin to move forward rapidly, are seldom able to pay for themselves. This makes it very difficult to secure loans from any foreign or international financial institutions, because these normally expect projects they invest in to be self-liquidating. Only an institution authorized to make grants-in-aid and acting through international chan-

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nels can meet their requirements. Where are the grants-in-aid to come from?

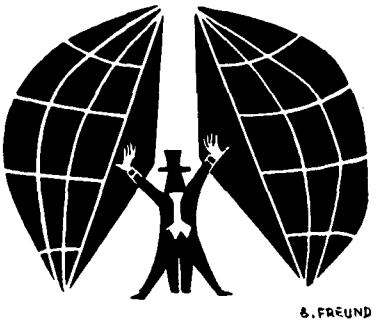
To this, as to most other questions raised at the Washington meeting, the readiest answer was that the helping hand should come from the United States. Yet here was the ultimate irony. As welcome as grants-in-aid may seem to be, any nations that come into contact with America's industrial economy—even a booming Germany—frequently find themselves at a disadvantage.

The material facts were emphasized not by any spokesman for the underdeveloped countries but by Mr. Thorneycroft of Great Britain. He observed that in the five years since 1952 the United States had a surplus on visible trade of about $14 billion. But that surplus was more than offset by government expenditures abroad, private capital, and aid. The net result, then, was not an inflow of dollars but an outflow of gold and dollars of nearly $7 billion. In 1956, the tide turned and began to run the other way; the gold and dollars began to flow in instead of out. "I mention the fact," Mr. Thorneycroft concluded, "not in order to complain but because the United States' position is dominant in the economic development of the free world. It must always be a major factor in our thoughts. The outward flow of money in one form or another and by one means or another from creditor countries is an absolute prerequisite to the continuation of liberal trading policies in the world outside."

What's Good for America . . .

Holding so predominant a position, how did American spokesmen comport themselves at the meeting? Did they say, promise, or intimate anything that might relieve the extensive political and economic worries of the non-Communist nations represented at the conference?

President Eisenhower, for one, in opening the meeting confined himself to sound maxims. "We must have growth that does not endanger stability; we must have stability that does not throttle growth." Again: "Thoughtful men everywhere recognize *inflation is a threat to sound* economic growth." Again: "Economic development is a homespun product, the result of a people's own work and determination. It is not a product that can be imported from some other country. However, a helping hand from abroad can often be of the greatest significance in furthering economic development



by providing technical or financial assistance." Again: "Sound economies are the backbone of successful defense." Again: "Each country can render a great service to every other country by keeping its own economic house in order." Finally: "Our world has shrunk and our sense of interdependence is keen."

Secretary of the Treasury Robert B. Anderson was gratified that the institutions of the World Bank and International Monetary Fund "have continued to serve the free world so well." Still, "We cannot ignore problems and difficulties which remain upon us," especially inflationary pressures. He felt therefore the "need to emphasize the interdependence of all of us upon the success of each of us in maintaining prosperity based on money of enduring value and all that means in better, fuller lives for our people." As for trade: "None of us think of trade as an end in itself. Trade is important both for economic reasons and mutual understanding."

Of the United States' role in this: "We believe," said Mr. Anderson, "that one of the most important things that the United States can do to further world trade is to maintain the American economy at a high level with production expanding, while at the same time avoiding inflation." As for the capital requirements of various nations: "Each of our countries, in the long run, should strive for the maximum expansion of our productive capacity through the investment of our own savings. As conditions become more attractive, private investment would be expected to provide international financing with less dependence on the budgets of any of the countries of the free world."

Meanwhile, Under Secretary of the Treasury W. Randolph Burgess juggled some figures around to show that people were in error when they talked about an impending new "dollar gap." Moreover, he could offer the reassuring news that America was "resolved to preserve our international gold bullion standard. The dollar has traditionally been firmly linked to gold, and it is our policy to keep it firmly linked to gold at $35 an ounce." And C. Douglas Dillon, Deputy Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, was aware of the "vast capital requirements of each of the less developed areas of the world." It followed therefore, he said, that "We must not let a year pass without exerting the maximum effort for sound development lending wherever this is possible."

FEW MEN would disagree with the words spoken here. But somehow, though the words make complete sentences, what do they mean? The most that can be said about the copybook maxims, homiletics, and onward-and-upward exhortations of American spokesmen is that they wanted to impress a single fact on the financial chieftains of other nations: They should not try to rely on any deficit spending to finance their development programs.

But what else was said? Were there ever any hints dropped about an American policy to ease the strain on the economic ties that hold together its political alliances? When our own leaders are voluble about generalized matters but mute on particulars, what are the financial leaders of the other nations to do? Especially if their countrymen are desperately anxious to get on with the work of raising their standards of living, even if by illusory means?

It was on this highly charged question that the meeting of the World Bank and International Monetary Fund adjourned—a question that becomes all the more explosive because of what might be called the voluble silence of the one nation to which everyone was looking for leadership.

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The Growing Power Of William McChesney Martin

M. J. ROSSANT

ONLY a very foolhardy or a very brave man would dream of baiting a Congressional committee before which he had been called to testify. At the August hearings of Harry Byrd's Senate Finance Committee, however, one witness, William McChesney Martin, Jr., chairman of the Federal Reserve Board of Governors, took this grave risk. Just before he appeared to answer Democratic charges that high interest rates were contributing to inflation, Martin approved an increase in the discount rate—the rate at which Federal Reserve Banks lend money to member commercial banks. This had the effect of making all other interest rates even higher. But though this was asking for trouble, Martin braved the wrath of his Congressional inquisitors and came through practically unscathed.

Martin did not merely defend himself. He suggested that the Employment Act of 1946 be amended to include the stabilization of living costs as a fundamental objective of national policy. This suggestion, introduced as a bill by Senator Prescott Bush on August 21, would officially sanction the current role of the Federal Reserve as the architect of the nation's economic policy. It has taken over responsibility for the nation's economic health, but it still lacks legal recognition, a state of affairs that Martin feels needs to be corrected.

IT WAS EVIDENT from the trend of the committee's questions that the senators were aware of the FRB's authority in economic matters but seemed curiously unaware that monetary management has certain limitations; it can do much to influence the nation's commercial banks, but it has far less power over other financial institutions. The senators engaged in a lengthy debate with Martin over the question of Federal Reserve credit policy, and Martin more than held his own. In contrast to former Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey, who was the committee's first witness, Martin did not reveal any large areas of ignorance or take refuge in buck-passing. On the contrary, he was extremely eloquent on the need for a tight-money policy to combat inflation. If the hearings succeeded in marring Humphrey's reputation as the administration's economic strong man, they established Martin's eminence in the same field.

This basic change in economic leadership was never seriously challenged by the committee. The senators seemed to take Martin's supremacy for granted, for though they argued about what kind of credit policy was most appropriate, they did not touch on the crucial question of whether the monetary managers of the Federal Reserve exert a large enough measure of control over the economy. It was Martin himself who, by asking for the amendment to the Employment Act, raised the basic issue.

Metamorphosis of a Rabbit

Martin's courage has not always been so marked. In most of his previous appearances before Congress he had displayed considerable skill at assuaging the grievances of complaining politicians and professional agility at straddling the fence. These characteristics, which are great assets in furthering a government career, led one observer to compare Martin to an intelligent rabbit. But in the past year, and particularly in his August testimony, he abandoned his rabbity ways to stand forth as a veritable lion in Washington's jungle.

The metamorphosis of Chairman Martin is largely the result of the changing character of the Federal Reserve System, which has enjoyed what amounts to a rebirth since the Eisenhower administration took office. It began to assume its new powers in 1951 under President Truman, when Martin became the FRB's chairman, but not until just over a year ago did the White House itself acknowledge that the FRB was the nation's chief command post in the battle to maintain a stable economy.

According to the Employment Act of 1946, the Federal government has responsibility for maintaining economic stability by promoting maximum employment, production, and purchasing power. This particular legislation, which commits the government to economic action to insure prosperity, marked a total break with the laissez-faire doctrines of pre-depression days. In political terms, however, it was merely a belated recognition of the fact that the electorate votes its pocketbook, and though governments may or may not be responsible for the state of the economy, they usually get the credit when things are booming and take the blame when they are not.

The Employment Act did not provide the government with any new means for attaining its objectives. On the surface, this oversight has not been serious, for since 1946 the economy has experienced only minor dips. This seems to speak well for the new law, and neither the Eisenhower administration nor its predecessor has been reluctant to claim credit for the growth of the economy. But just how much economic credit the politicians deserve is not subject to precise measurement. The evidence suggests that a major share of the glory should go to the money managers at the Federal Reserve and not to the occupant of the White House.

A Fourth Branch of Government

Despite their official responsibility for maintaining prosperity, tenants of the White House, especially the present one, have left the task of fulfilling the Employment Act to the old-fashioned monetary weapons of the FRB. Mr. Eisenhower has gone so far as to pledge that the Federal Reserve could operate independently, even if what it did ran counter to the administration's policy. Thus, while the administration still has to take political responsibility for the course of the economy, its doctrine that economic

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growth should be achieved without any diminution in the purchasing power of the dollar has conferred upon the FRB the status of a fourth branch of government and has made Martin as much a figure of controversy as Earl Warren.

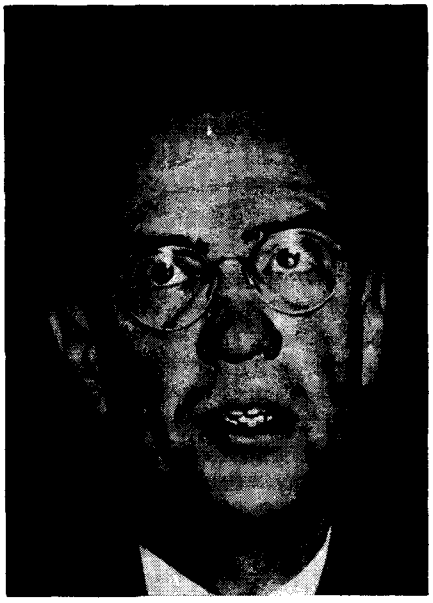
The Federal Reserve derives its considerable powers from its authority, delegated by Congress, to act as a central bank in regulating the nation's money supply. To most people, including the vast majority of Congress, central banking is a mystery permanently beyond the grasp of all but technical wizards. This is not actually the case, but central bankers refrain from disabusing outsiders. Traditionally, central banks operate in a clannish and circumspect way that has all the aspects of a secret cult, complete with its high priests, its own peculiar rites and mumbo-jumbo, its novitiates. Such goings-on arouse suspicion, but they also permit a good deal of freedom from interference. The Federal Reserve is more open to public inspection than any other central bank in the western world, but its aura of mystery helps explain Martin's relatively easy time with Congress.

Stripped of its veils, monetary management is based on a compellingly simple theory. It rests on the proposition that in a free-enterprise economy, general and indirect regulation of the money supply—currency and bank deposits—is the key to moderating economic activity. If the economy appears to be declining, orthodox monetary policy calls for increasing the money supply, which gives bankers more incentive to make loans and should bring about an increase in activity. If the economy is booming and demand for credit strong, the central bank can restrict the amount of money available to the banks, thus increasing the cost of loans and helping to discourage borrowing.

That is the essence of orthodox monetary policy. It does not entail direct controls over wages or prices nor is there need for specific limits to specific types of borrowers, which would call for policymakers to decide just who should get what amount of credit and administrators to see that such decisions were enforced. Instead, the hidden hand of monetary management works its influence by indirectly limiting or increasing the amount of funds available to all types of borrowers.

Nobody's Stooge

But though monetary management is intellectually appealing and appears the most equitable way of controlling the economy, in practice the theory has not always worked as effectively as it would seem to promise. Or, as some critics charge, it has worked only too well. In the 1920's



Wide World

the Federal Reserve did too little too late in restricting credit, so that despite high interest costs the excesses that had developed in the economy—and most of all in the stock market—got out of control. In 1937, by contrast, some people argue that the FRB's restrictive credit policy was much too severe and was chiefly responsible for halting the economic recovery then under way and setting the stage for the 1938 recession. Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau's reversion to orthodox fiscal policy also contributed to the 1938 decline; he attempted to balance the budget by cutting off government spending at a time when there were still nine million unemployed. The 1937 experience with orthodox monetary management ended in the FRB's being relegated to a subsidiary role of interest mainly to students of central banking, while the White House—and the U.S. Treasury—took over economic policymaking.

Then, in the Second World War, the FRB used its powers to support the price of government securities by pumping credit into the banking system. This policy, which was continued past the wartime emergency, gained the FRB the dubious distinction of being the handmaiden of the Treasury, or in another metaphor, what former FRB Chairman Marriner Eccles called "an engine of inflation."

It was not until the Korean War that monetary management got a new lease on life. Faced with demands for increased credit to finance defense expansion, the FRB finally decided it could not go on supporting government bonds by the inflationary device of easy money. After a protracted tug of war between the FRB, the Treasury Department of John W. Snyder, and the White House of Harry Truman, an agreement, formally entitled the Federal Reserve-Treasury Accord, was reached. More like a negotiated peace on terms dictated by the FRB, the accord ended the pegging of government bonds and enabled the Federal Reserve once again to make flexible use of its power.

A NOMINAL Democrat, Martin had been Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in 1951, and had actually served as the Treasury's chief negotiator in arranging the agreement with the Federal Reserve. After the accord had been signed, Truman appointed him FRB chairman in April, 1951, a move calculated to calm the fears of Democratic opponents of monetary management, who were predicting that the new agreement would mean a sharp fall in bond prices followed by deflation. On the other hand, supporters of an independent Federal Reserve feared that Martin would be a Treasury stooge who would water down the terms of the accord.

It took some time for both sides to realize that Martin was nobody's stooge but was wholly devoted to establishing the independence of the FRB. His talent for knowing when to compromise and when to assert himself was extremely useful when he moved into the FRB. At first he did not make any sudden shifts but pursued a gradually restrictive policy that helped stem inflation without touching off any sharp slide in bond prices, although it must be remem-

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bered that this was during the Korean War, when we had high war taxes, an excess-profits tax, and controls. He did little that either the supporters of the FRB or its opponents could criticize.

The need for unobtrusive compromise disappeared with the election of Eisenhower, who had proclaimed himself strongly in favor of sound money and sometimes seemed to be saying that the only sound dollar was a solid gold piece. Republicans had talked loud and long during the campaign about the evils of inflation, when in fact prices had been relatively stable for more than a year and a half. Martin may have been a trifle too eager in accepting this plank of the G.O.P. platform. Undeniably, the FRB's tightening up in early 1953 was a major cause of the tight-money crisis that occurred that spring and of the recession that followed. It was a case of pressing too hard on the credit brakes. Martin himself has since admitted that he "misjudged public psychology" and explains that the financial community was too unfamiliar with how monetary policy operates—shortcomings he now feels have been rectified.

The first months of the Eisenhower administration revealed that Martin was prepared to take the initiative if circumstances warranted. In the period that followed the tight-money crisis the FRB did not have a dominant role, mainly because monetary policy is much less effective in stimulating a depressed economy than in restraining a buoyant one. But when business began to pick up, the FRB moved out of the shadows, using its general and indirect controls over the money supply to maintain stability. And since early 1955 the FRB has developed as the headquarters of national economic policy.

Accord and Discord

After the accord of 1951, the most significant date in the re-emergence of monetary policy is April, 1956, when Martin succeeded in establishing the supremacy of the Federal Reserve over the administration's brain trusters. He did not achieve this position without a fight—a fight against the whole galaxy of White House policymakers including Secretary Humphrey, Under Secretary of the Treasury W. Randolph Burgess, Chairman Arthur F. Burns of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, and Gabriel Hauge, the President's special assistant for economic affairs. Martin had taken the position that the threat of inflation required an intensification of the FRB's tight-money policy that had been in effect for over a year, signaled by an increase in the discount rate. The administration argued that further tightness carried a danger of

reversing the business boom; it also made clear that with the Presidential election coming in the fall, it did not want to invite any unnecessary trouble.

The combination of Humphrey and Burns was formidable opposition. These two figures had generally disagreed over economic policy, with Humphrey following an orthodox line that was hardly distinguishable from classic laissez-faire and Burns following a liberal course that was against ceding control over the economy to an independent Federal Reserve. For this one brief period, they joined forces against the proposed rise in the discount rate.

Martin refused to be swayed. He felt that a delay in moving might make it more difficult to act effectively later, and he took the view that monetary policy was flexible enough to reverse itself if further tightening appeared to be a mistake. In his discussions with Burns and Humphrey, he emphasized that the FRB's independence would be violated if it had to adjust itself to politics. (In the election of 1952, however, when the Democrats were still in power, the FRB did not tighten credit, although the economy was facing a similar inflationary threat; only after the results were in did it move.) Martin felt that the independence of the Federal Reserve was at stake, and the very strength of the opposition convinced him that he could not give in. So, defying the White House, the FRB went ahead with its rise in the discount rate.

The Man at the Helm

Most of Martin's present prestige stems from that victory, because his analysis of the economic situation turned out to be correct. Some of the administration's economists point out that the inflationary threat facing the economy was largely due to the drastic easing that the FRB had carried out in late 1953 and early 1954. They also say that though the FRB increased the discount rate, it then made more money available, thus nullifying the tightening action. But these are carpings. The move not only failed to reverse the upswing; by August, with the election just a few months off, the FRB found it necessary to increase the discount rate again. This time the administration did not argue.

Indeed, it was the administration's failure to formulate an economic policy of its own that cemented Martin's position. This failure, some say, stems from a belief that monetary policy is somehow more compatible with the idea of maintaining a free market if it works by indirection and therefore seems not to require the appearance of direct government intrusion in the economic order. Certainly the administration was not disposed to formulate a positive policy as long as the economy was prosperous; furthermore it could not decide on what course to follow—other than the FRB's—in the event of a downturn. The confusion over this year's budget is just one symptom of the paralysis among Eisenhower's economic policymakers. It is true that Burns had definite plans to co-ordinate policy, but his efforts were largely upset by Humphrey's antagonism. For example, Burns had pressed for direct controls over consumer credit, which both Humphrey and Martin opposed. When Burns left the government last year, the last struggle against total reliance on the monetary managers faded away. Unable to decide just what course to follow, the administration took the path of least resistance and left the field to the FRB.

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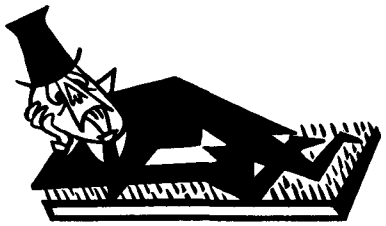
THE FEDERAL RESERVE is only a quasi-official body. It is, for example, an agent of Congress and not of the Executive. Most important of all, since its stock is held by the nation's commercial banks, it is a privately owned institution with a group of public managers at the top. In theory, the Federal Reserve has a number of top policymakers—seven governors in Washington (appointed by the President subject to the approval of Congress) and the twelve presidents of the regional Federal Reserve Banks (elected by their individual directors and approved by the FRB). But Martin is in full command. Four of the six other governors and eight of the twelve presidents have been appointed since he took over the chairmanship. Just over a year ago, Allan Sproul, who had earned an international reputation as America's foremost central banker, stepped out as president of the powerful New York bank. Up until recently, the New York Federal Reserve Bank had often been regarded as the policymaker for the entire Federal Reserve System, and while Sproul was still on the scene there was always some doubt whether New York or Washington made the final decisions. The astute and outspoken Sproul has frequently disagreed in public with Martin's tactics and strategy, and some observers consider that his resignation was the tipoff that Washington—and Martin—had assumed undisputed control over credit policy. Certainly, since Sproul's departure Martin has no real rival among his colleagues in the Federal Reserve System.

It should be emphasized that Martin did not actively seek his present role as much as have it handed to him. More than once he has pointedly stated that monetary policy is not the only means of controlling the economy, but it is not his concern if other measures are not used. He is not a bureaucratic type whose main aim is self-aggrandizement. In the privacy of his office, he stresses the regional nature of the system, and insists that his is only one voice in the FRB's chorus of policymakers. Martin does admit that he would not trade his position at the FRB for a more lucrative career in private business, but not because he is entranced with the trappings of power and prestige. He seems rather to be that rare person, a dedicated citizen who believes that one of mankind's noblest pursuits is serving the public interest. But, like many dedicated men, he has definite ideas about just what constitutes the proper interests of the public.

Not that Martin is autocratic or domineering in running the FRB. A shy but amiable man who speaks in an earnest, high-pitched voice, he is well liked by other FRB officials. He is not the master of the intricacies of central banking that Sproul was, and he lacks the patrician arrogance that characterized Montagu Norman's reign as head of the Bank of England. Martin considers himself a student of monetary management, and he is not afraid to say that he is still learning. His most appealing and discernible quality is his conscientiousness. His manner before the Senate Finance Committee, for example, was a mixture of the deferential and the positive, conveying the impression that though he does not know all the answers he is serving the public as well as he can and probably better than anyone else could.

HIS TESTIMONY also made clear that he is a stern moralist. He is not like some of his supporters, including many bankers, who consider that tight money—high interest rates—is good, while cheap money—low interest rates—is evil. Martin does not take so dogmatic a view. He says



he would like to see interest rates as low as possible, and there is no reason to doubt his sincerity. But like a Sunday-school teacher, he often refers to "improvident and imprudent" excesses that lead to the "cancer of inflation." And he is prepared to see a certain amount of unemployment if it serves to reduce inflationary pressure.

Martin is genuinely concerned about the danger of inflation even though a great many economists now feel that the threat has passed. Among those who feel that inflationary pressure is subsiding is Raymond J. Saulnier, who replaced Burns as head of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, but Martin disagrees. In his Congressional appearance he came perilously close to saying that we need a recession in order to avoid inflationary excess. This, at least, was the inference that has been drawn from his admission that the recent drops in production and manufacturing employment do not mean that the threat is over. What he wants to see is a drop in prices, which does not normally occur until purchasing power falls off. Martin also wants to weed the weak spots out of the economy. He freely admits that he follows neither the Democratic line that an economy which is not expanding at a rapid rate inevitably results in stagnation nor the thesis of Harvard's professor Sumner Slichter that a little inflation is preferable to a drop in employment and production. Martin feels that these positions would lead to excesses that would be followed by a ruinous deflation. He thinks there must be a pause before a fresh climb —and his monetary policy is designed to produce just that.

The administration's economists question whether monetary policy can bring about price cuts without first setting the stage for a large-scale decline. The New York Federal Reserve Bank, which did not raise its discount rate until two weeks after Washington approved the hike, indicated by its reluctance that it too has some doubts. But Martin is prepared to make money even tighter and more expensive than it is now. In declaring that "Stabilization of the cost of living is a primary aim of Federal economic policy," he is challenging the priorities that until now have been placed solely on maximum employment and purchasing power.

This declaration goes hand in hand with Martin's insistence on the independence of the FRB. He argues that the central bank must be free of government control or else it will become completely subservient. Though this either/or relationship has been the American experience,

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in all other countries with established central banks the government and the monetary managers share responsibility. When it comes to a showdown, it is the politicians who must answer to the electorate.

In the United States, Martin and his associates are not only doing the planning for the administration but are also managing to keep politicians at arm's length. Martin hasn't hesitated to chastise the administration for not achieving a bigger budgetary surplus. And he has criticized the liberalization of mortgage credit as potentially inflationary. He complains that the administration does not have a firm economic policy—which might cut down on his power—and he regards it as his duty to oppose any programs that tend to interfere with his objective of getting consumer prices reduced. As Martin puts it, "What is economically right is politically right." But it must be noted that the FRB has no direct control over the treasuries of giant corporations that can do much of their own financing without resorting to banks and hence are relatively immune to influences of FRB policy. It is also true that a huge amount of the nation's aggregate capital is in the control of nonbanking financial institutions—life-insurance companies, pension funds, savings-and-loan associations—and thus beyond the control of the FRB.

MARTIN'S BOLDNESS may eventually bring him to grief. The basic question that will soon have to be answered is not whether the FRB is right or wrong in its credit policy but whether it alone should decide what policy to follow. There is considerable support for Martin's view that an independent nonpolitical group of monetary managers should be in control, on the ground that one cannot argue with success. But it is only in recent years that monetary management has been successful, and it is hard to believe that the FRB can always avoid the kind of mistakes that spotted its older record. Martin, for one, does not share this illusion, yet he strongly believes in indirect controls over credit as the most effective way of managing the economy, provided the controls are not subject to political manipulation.

This is the way they are being used at the moment. With the administration sitting on its hands, the FRB has been able to operate with a minimum of outside pressure. But this is not to say that the FRB's policy has not had political effects: It has made loans much more expensive to veterans and others in search of housing; it has cut down on the amount available to small businessmen and farmers; and it has slowed the pace of public works and public housing, in effect impeding the will of both the administration and Congress.

The FRB's tightening may be desirable—it may even be necessary—but the question arises whether it should be the one to decide who will be pinched. Martin has sometimes argued that indirect controls are superior because they allow the market place—the lenders and borrowers of money—to make the decisions. But indirect controls do have a direct impact on such areas as housing. When the FRB tightened up on the money supply, it knew that it was diverting mortgage funds from the fixed-interest market to the flexible-interest market. The fact is that all borrowers are equal, but those who can afford to pay higher interest rates are more equal than others.

Moreover, what is government for if it is not to make decisions? This does not mean that the FRB need be completely subservient to a strong Executive, but political logic would suggest that it should not act before consultation with the White House. This procedure places responsibility for economic policy where it belongs —with the political party in power— not because the Employment Act says so but because the electorate demands it.

The Anti-Inflation Committee

On September 13 the Treasury announced the establishment of a new top-level anti-inflation committee, whose members are the President himself, Martin, Saulnier, Hauge, and Secretary of the Treasury Robert B. Anderson. This will presumably provide a greater degree of consultation between the administration and the FRB than we have had to date. Some Federal Reserve officials and a good many of its supporters in the banking community are fearful that this new committee will threaten the independence of the FRB. Despite the fact that the committee is supposed to limit itself to discussions of the economic scene, adherents of FRB independence seem to feel that with administration officials outnumbering Martin four to one, it will be difficult for him to resist political pressure.

Martin himself is not perturbed by the numerical arrangement and is wholly confident that the FRB's independence will remain inviolate. In response to an inquiry about the new committee, he made it clear that it has his enthusiastic endorsement. The reason is not hard to understand. He now has an opportunity to present the FRB's point of view directly to the President, and will be able to defend himself at first hand against the kind of attacks that were leveled against him in the White House in 1956. Furthermore, while he is outnumbered, he speaks from the special vantage point of having been right in the past. It is obvious that Eisenhower's feelings about the current state of the economy are close to Martin's, so that the committee is likely to institutionalize the newly won power of the FRB rather than weaken it.

MARTIN thinks he has nothing to lose from the new arrangement, and it is questionable just what the administration will gain. The administration can no longer hide behind Martin if the FRB's policy goes awry; neither can it hope that its infrequent headshakings at what the FRB is doing can relieve it of its basic responsibility to the public.

Nevertheless there is apparently little disposition on the part of the Eisenhower administration to regain any of the responsibility it has abdicated. It is unlikely that any move will be made to curtail Martin's power unless the economy does turn sour. In that event, the experiment in relying on monetary policy would probably be termed a frightful mistake and we would once more shift completely away from it. This would compound the error. There are times when monetary policy is a useful way of controlling the economy. It is not, of course, the only way, although the administration's indecisiveness and Martin's vigor tend to leave that impression.

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The Improbable Demagogue Of Little Rock, Ark.

COLBERT S. CARTWRIGHT

LITTLE ROCK

SINCE September 2, 1957, when Governor Orval E. Faubus of Arkansas called out the National Guard to prevent integration of the races in Little Rock's Central High School, few persons inside or outside Arkansas have been willing to accept the governor's words at their face value. What were his hidden motives for taking an action that shook the nation and even brought President Eisenhower back to Washington from his Newport vacation? Was Faubus deliberately trying to further his personal political ambitions? Was he seeking to make a test case for the Southern states on the legal possibility of interposing the power of a state against the decrees of a Federal court?

Startling as it may sound, it seems entirely possible that the governor, whose position has become more and more untenable, had no hidden motives at all.

IT IS UNLIKELY, at least at the beginning, that Faubus's primary motive was to capitalize upon the racial issue in Arkansas for political gain. Throughout his career Faubus has been careful to cultivate the steadily increasing Negro vote. He is the first Arkansas governor to appoint Negroes to the state Democratic Central Committee. In last year's campaign for election to a second term as governor, he successfully courted the large majority of the Negro vote.

Whatever else he may have achieved, he has certainly lost any support from that direction.

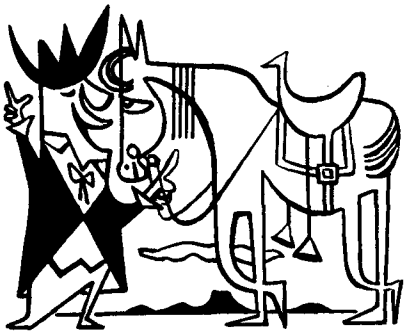
Nor could the governor have counted on improving his political position among segregationists by his actions on September 2—although the way events have turned out, he has now become their hero. At the very time he mobilized the militia, he pointed out that he was not opposed to the integration of other school districts in his state. He referred with pride to the peaceful integration of state colleges during his administration. Those who have previously criticized his moderate stand still don't entirely trust the man, however much they may support him publicly.

No substantial evidence has been presented that Governor Faubus operated in concert with other Southern politicians to test the validity of the doctrine of "interposition." In the past Faubus has generally been regarded by governors and senators of the Deep South as a moderate on the question of integration, and his recent actions are not enough to convince them that he has made an about-face. He has tolerated and encouraged some integration, and it is doubtful whether extreme segregationists in the Deep South, or even in his own state, can ever really forgive him for that.

A Specialist in Blind Alleys

To understand why Governor Faubus took steps to defy Federal authority at Little Rock, it is necessary to know the man himself.

Despite a fairly commendable public record, on more than one occasion the governor has landed himself in untenable positions concerning internal problems. In the recent past he has gone down a series of blind alleys in attacking with little apparent foundation the administration of the girls' training school, the state highway department, and the state mental hospital.



On the day before the governor called out the state militia, a Little Rock reporter, George Douthit, raised the question why the governor so often placed himself in these positions. Douthit reported the explanation he had been given by one of Faubus's closest associates: "Faubus will fall for any story, however fantastic, if it is told with sufficient conviction."

This quirk in the governor's character goes a long way in explaining why Faubus pitted the weight of his office against the Federal government. White Citizens' Council members knew his weakness and played upon it for all it was worth. Tales of threatened violence flooded into the governor's office.

The press got a glimpse of Faubus's weakness for fantastic stories at his press conference a few hours after the armed militia turned nine Negro students away from Central High School.

In defending his order to the commander of the National Guard "to place off limits to colored students the schools heretofore operated or recently set up for white students," Faubus commented: "Now this report came to me this morning that when the Negro students, accompanied by parents, were attempting to enter, white students at the door shouted out to them, 'Let them come on in and we'll take care of them.'" The reporters he was talking to knew perfectly well that nothing of the kind had happened. The Negro children had approached school unattended by their parents, and the Guard stopped them a block away from the door, without commotion.

What of the governor's court testimony concerning the "sale of unusually large numbers of weapons in the Little Rock area"? Of revolvers taken from students in high school? Of caravans converging upon Little Rock from many points of the state? Neither city officials nor enterprising

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United Press

reporters were ever able to discover any foundation for these serious allegations.

The governor himself revealed the source of his information when he reported in his state-wide broadcast on the eve of the opening of school: "Telephone calls have come to me at the Mansion in a constant stream and the expression of all are the fear of disorder and violence and of the harm that may occur on the morrow in this attempt at forcible integration of Central High School." Here at least it was clear that the phone calls were no fabrication of the governor's mind. Citizens' Council members who had studied the governor knew how to influence him. They succeeded.

THERE IS a second personality trait that often gets Faubus into trouble: He is strangely reluctant about asking for competent advice.

I asked one of Faubus's closest associates how the governor usually makes his decisions. He replied: "Faubus just does not seek advice. He is possibly the most accessible governor in the Union to those who wish to catch his ear. He will listen to all who come to him. He will weigh their views to the best of his ability. The trouble with him is that often he does not hear all sides—or even the most important sides—to a problem."

I reminded him that when Faubus called out the militia he told his fellow Arkansans: "This is a decision I have reached prayerfully. It has been made after conferences with dozens of people and after the checking and the verification of as many of the reports as possible."

My informant, who is regarded by many to have the greatest single influence upon Faubus, replied that he had not been consulted by the governor in this matter. "Although I have been influential with the

governor at many points, I have always had to go to him. Only twice has he called me for advice."

It would have been reasonable to expect that the governor in his "conferences with dozens of people" would have sought the advice of his five-man committee appointed for the purpose of studying the school problem as it relates to integration. None of these men was consulted by Faubus before he called the militia into action.

Nor did Governor Faubus consult the political leaders in eastern Arkansas, where the Negro population is proportionately largest and where the strongest demands have been made for state action against enforced integration.

It is important to note that eastern Arkansas' political leaders have not been happy about Faubus's handling of the Little Rock problem. They have been firm in approving his earlier and oft-repeated stand against "forcible integration." They have also agreed with the governor that "These matters must be left to the will of the people in the various districts. The people must decide on the basis of what is best as a whole for each particular area."

The foremost legal mind of the eastern Arkansas segregationists, R. B. McCulloch, Sr., of Forrest City, has designed all segregationist legislation upon this basis. But he has publicly stated more than once that a school-assignment law will be upheld by the courts only if there is some at least minimal racial mixing in the schools.

The Little Rock school board's use of the school-assignment law to whittle down a possible integration of 250 Negro pupils to nine—and with Federal court approval—was exactly what eastern Arkansas political leaders wanted. It proved that generally their strategy of keeping racial mixing to the barest minimum would be successful. But they were not consulted.

Predicament of a 'Preservator'

The simple fact is that a small group of extreme segregationists at Little Rock sized up the governor and sold him a bill of goods based on fabrications. It never crossed the minds of the moderate segregationists that the governor would alter his past strategy in dealing with the Little Rock situation. Everyone but Citizens' Council members assumed he would keep hands off.

In a steady procession the extreme segregationists pressed their case. Using agitator John Kasper's techniques of psychological warfare, they built up their case to the governor. They not only convinced him of imminent threat of danger but carefully provided him with a rationale for the actions he should take. They introduced to him the idea that he was, as he put it, the "preservator of the peace," a term strange to the governor until the Citizens' Council members began their work. Acting solely upon the advice of those who had come to him, Governor Faubus went down the darkest blind alley of his career.

According to responsible sources, it was not until Representative Brooks Hays, a fellow Southern

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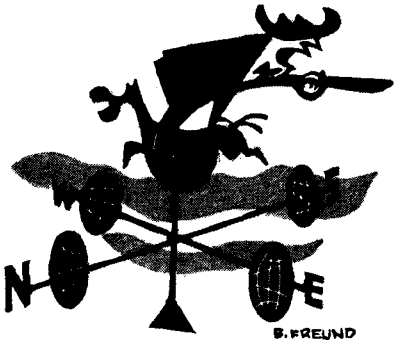
Baptist, went to see Faubus that the governor was made to see the impossible position he was in. Hays, a close friend of Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams, knew at first hand that the Federal government in no way could or would back down. He knew there was a stern commitment to use whatever force was necessary to uphold the Federal court's ruling that the process of integration should begin immediately at Little Rock.

Up to the time that Hays got in touch with Faubus, the governor had heard nothing from political advisers except the Citizens' Council line. "Until Hays went to Faubus," a person close to both men told me, "it had not crossed the governor's mind that he might not win his battle against the Federal court."

It now appears that Faubus had gone too far before Hays began his efforts to help the governor find a way to retreat gracefully. It might have been a different story if Hays had gotten there sooner, or if Faubus had less of the curious mixture of timidity and rashness that keeps him from seeking advice.

ORVAL FAUBUS, stumbling into one of the greatest constitutional crises the United States has faced since the Civil War, has now come to believe that his only salvation lies in gaining whatever political advantage he can from his predicament. And when the state militia was federalized and the troops of the 101st Airborne Division began patrolling Central High School with bayonets, Faubus found it fairly simple to raise himself to his highest crest of popularity, at least among a certain segment of the population.

Whether he planned it that way or not, the role of a segregationist leader was automatically thrust upon him from the moment Federal troops marched into Little Rock.



The Eisenhower Doctrine Fails in Syria

CHALMERS M. ROBERTS

ON THURSDAY, August 15, the House of Representatives voted 252 to 130 to keep a twenty-five per cent cut in the foreign-aid bill despite last minute pleas by President Eisenhower. Most of the capital was more interested in the political maneuvering that day over the civil-rights bill, already passed by the Senate, and many members of Congress reported that they were under pressure from home to cut foreign aid as the easiest way to trim the budget.

It was in this atmosphere that word reached Washington from Damascus that General Tewfik Nizameddin had been fired as the Syrian Army's commander in chief. The next day Colonel Afif Bizri, the Army's G-1, or personnel chief, was named the new commander and quickly promoted to general. This was how the Syrian crisis came to a head, a crisis that opened a new chapter in the Soviet-American conflict whose end is still well over the horizon.

From Where We Stand

The earlier Middle Eastern foreign-policy crises had come with far more dramatic suddenness to the general public—for instance, when Nasser seized the Suez Canal and when the Israelis invaded the Sinai. Of course Syria is not unrelated to Suez, and thus far it has proved just as hard for Washington to grapple with, harder even than it was to block Nasser's efforts last April to take over Jordan. Syria's importance lies in the possibility, even the probability, that it demonstrates a pattern ahead for crisis after crisis in other Arab and Middle Eastern nations.

American policy in the Syrian affair has largely been one of response to Soviet challenge. And American policy has been responsive to the will of Saudi Arabia's King Saud much as American policy in Europe has so often been responsive to the will of West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. One of the unhappy differences, however, is Saud's utter lack of demonstrated support by his own people.

To understand why the United States appears to have run first hot and then cold in the Syrian affair, it is necessary to go back to April, 1955, when a historic announcement of the Foreign Ministry of the Soviet Union launched the current Soviet effort to invade the Middle East with all means short of war.

IT IS DOUBTLESS true that most Arabs do not see today's ferment in their part of the world in terms of a Soviet-American or East-West conflict. But today there is no doubt at all that Syria as a problem is viewed by Washington in just such a context. Secretary Dulles deeply believes what he told the United Nations General Assembly on September 19: that the Kremlin is attempting to use "the technique that Stalin and Lenin had prescribed for bringing about the 'amalgamation'. . . of the so-called 'colonial and dependent peoples' into the Soviet orbit. This technique, as Lenin specified, involves inciting nationalism to break all ties with the West and thus create so total a dependence upon the Soviet Union that it can take full control."

As President Eisenhower, Dulles, his brother Allen of the Central Intelligence Agency, and the handful of others who make American policy all see it, the Soviets have been probing for soft spots with special emphasis on three strategically placed Arab nations: first Egypt, which controls the Suez Canal; now Syria, which controls all the Middle Eastern oil pipelines to the Mediterranean; and concurrently Yemen, adjoining British Aden at the entrance to the Red Sea.

After the April, 1955, Foreign Ministry announcement came the arms deal with Egypt. The world's atten-

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tion was riveted so long on Egypt that not much attention was paid to reports that Communist arms also were beginning to flow into Syria a few weeks after they began to arrive in Egypt. Arms to Yemen were to come considerably later.

This contrast of views between Washington and those Middle East nations, or their leaders—of Saudi Arabia and Iraq especially—on which Washington counts is what lies behind the recent changes in the public posture of the United States.

New Nationalism Again

Syria, a French mandate in League of Nations days between the world wars, has largely been run by various military juntas in co-operation with its merchant-trader class ever since independence in 1944. Nasser's cry of Arab nationalism quickly found response in Damascus, much of it focused around a young army colonel named Abdel Hamid Serraj, the intelligence and internal police boss. Serraj is rated in Washington as pro-Nasser rather than pro-Soviet, and Nasser himself has boasted to American diplomats since the Syrian crisis broke that he has Serraj in his hip pocket.

Syria is also home to Khaled Bakdash, a Moscow-trained Communist Arab (by birth a Kurdish tribesman) who long has been the Soviet's No. 1 front man in the Middle East. The Communist Party has been legally banned in Syria, but Bakdash won a seat in the Syrian Parliament in 1954 under another label, the only recognized Communist to reach such heights in Arab politics. His part in the current Syrian crisis is still obscure, for he and his Kremlin masters have been careful to let others take the front seats. Among these latter have been Serraj; Bizri; Akram Hourani, the leader of the Ba'ath Party; and Colonel Amin Nufouri, of the Syrian Army G-3 (plans and operations), who is now Bizri's assistant at the top of the army—the one real power in the nation.

The Syrian leftist-nationalist combination of these men and their allies has tried to take over the country ever since the Kremlin decisions of April, 1955. Not that Washington believes that they were acting on orders from Moscow (though a minority may have, in fact, been doing just that) but that the majority were taking advantage of the new Soviet policy for their own purposes.

The story is composed of several parts: the purchase of Communist

arms in 1955-1956; an unsuccessful effort in November, 1956, at an Arab Summit meeting in Beirut, Lebanon, to put all the Arab states on record for Soviet friendship in the wake of the Israeli-Anglo-French attack on Egypt; the first Arab rejection of the Eisenhower Doctrine in January, 1957; the trial of nearly fifty Syrian conservative leaders in January-February, 1957; efforts to help Nasser in the crisis over Jordan in April; acceptance of Soviet economic aid in July-August, and preparations for the August 15 *coup d'état* in the form of fantastic accusations against the United States in the days just before. This latter affair included expelling the American military attaché and two American diplomats and brought, in response, the American rejection of the Syrian ambassador to Washington, together with his secretary.

ALL THIS is recited to show that the Syrian crisis was months in gestation and well recognized in Washington. The record demonstrates that the new leaders of Syria, men in their forties for the most part, have been determined and consistent. And it demonstrates that the conservative and moderate leaders, of whom President Shukry al-Kuwatly has been chief figurehead, have slowly been pushed from power and in some cases jailed or forced to flee Syria. The unhappy fact is, as Joseph Alsop has written, that the moderates and conservatives "enjoyed the approximate degree of animation of dead fish on a slab. Like dead fish prepared by the fishmonger, they also very much lacked guts."

These leaders with whom Washington has tried to work to hold back the leftist-nationalist group during the past two years are all but washed up today. Nasser claims he persuaded Kuwatly, who flew to Cairo at the time of the mid-August coup, that he should return, as he did, to Damascus. But Kuwatly is now leading the Syrian pack when it comes to public pronouncements. Whether that will save him his job, however, is doubtful.

Of this sad story State Department officials today can say only that the French are largely to blame, for they never tried to create a civilian Syrian leadership to take over when they left. The charge, the truth aside, is reminiscent of similar remarks about British leadership in some other Arab lands and is demonstrative of how close to futile it is to expect any concerted American-British-French Middle Eastern policy today.

The Alarm Is Sounded

This does not mean that Britain and France do not have much the same view of Soviet intentions in Syria; they do and in fact they say it publicly and more loudly than does Washington, as evidenced by British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs Selwyn Lloyd's U.N. speech. Nor does it mean that Washington fails to recognize Syria's importance in getting Middle East oil to western Europe. That was recognized in Washington during the Suez affair, London and Paris notwithstanding. But Washington, in the Syrian as in the Suez affair, does not want too close an association with London and Paris because of the colonialism issue and because it knows that in a showdown the United States will be directly involved. Consultation, yes, but discreetly—that is the policy.

As soon as General Bizri took control of the Syrian Army in mid-August, Washington raised a worldwide alarm over the event. There are various judgments of Bizri in the capital; some consider him a Communist Party member, but the majority view goes no further than "pro-Soviet." This is, however, a big difference from the "pro-Nasser" rating for Colonel Serraj.

The fact of the matter is that relia-

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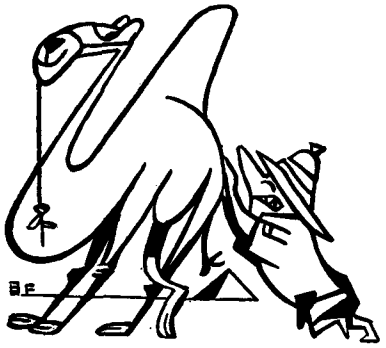
ble information has been very difficult to obtain. President Eisenhower was speaking the truth when he told a press conference a few days after the coup, "We don't know exactly what is happening," but that the Soviet Union's "ultimate aim" was to take over Syria. The President has learned his Lenin well from Dulles, as Dulles reads it. And the hopes of the administration were well expressed in the Eisenhower rejection of a reporter's description of Bizri and his associates as Communists. The President preferred to speak of "leftist leanings" and to say that it was wise to "always give your enemy a line of retreat if you can."

This latter point of view was not only typically Eisenhower; it also expressed Dulles's hope that the less pro-Soviet elements in the Syrian Army would eventually oust Bizri,



or at least reduce his power. It was repeated after a White House conference on September 7, when hope was expressed that "the people of Syria would act to allay the anxiety caused by recent events," a rather remarkable official call by one nation for a counter-*coup d'état* in another.

The initial American response to the coup was the same as it had been after Nasser made his arms deal—to send an emissary on a fact-finding mission. In this case Deputy Under Secretary of State Loy W. Henderson, an old Middle East hand, hurried to Turkey, where he met with not only the Turkish leaders but also with the kings of Iraq and Jordan. Later he went on to Beirut to meet the top Lebanese.

Henderson came home full of alarm not only over Syria but over Lebanon and Jordan as well. It was for this reason that Dulles's carefully prepared statement after the September 7 White House conference with the President (who had returned for the day from his Newport vacation spot) spoke of "particular concern over border incidents and intensive propaganda and subversive activities directed toward the overthrow of the newly constituted governments of Syria's Arab neighbors." The "newly constituted" governments were the elected pro-West régime in Lebanon and the pro-West régime set up in Jordan after the unsuccessful threat to King Hussein in the spring, a government created by Hussein.

The American statements carefully said the "concern" over Syria was "concern" by Syria's neighbors, all of them Arab except for the Turks and the Israelis. This theme was reiterated time and again. Things came into focus on September 9, when a fleet of U.S. Air Force planes landed at Amman, Jordan, to disgorge jeeps mounting 106-mm antitank rifles. The American ambassador pointed to them in front of a grandstand full of Jordanian officials and remarked that they were capable of stopping the latest-model Soviet tanks.

There is no reason to doubt the statements that Henderson did hear expressions of alarm from the Arabs over the Syrian coup. Nor is there much doubt that the scared Jordanians asked for the dramatic flight of arms and their grandstand reception. Nor is there doubt that King Saud of Saudi Arabia let Washington know of his concern, though Henderson did not go to see him.

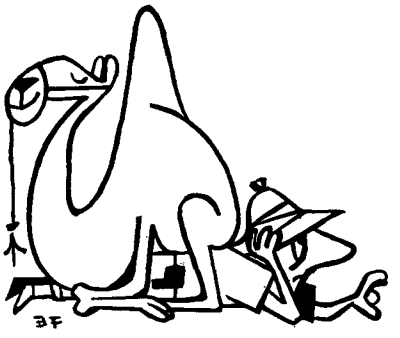
AMERICAN POLICY in the post-Suez crisis period had been to court Saud (and Tunisia's Habib Bourguiba) as a counterinfluence to Nasser and to help heal the old dynastic breach between Saud and young King Feisal of Iraq. By the time of the Syrian coup, the Arab world was more divided in American eyes than it had been for a long time. Egypt was isolated except for its Syrian ally and the Syrian-Jordanian-Egyptian alliance seemed shattered by the events in Jordan. Saud, however, kept in communication with Egypt even though Radio Damascus had begun to attack Saudi Arabia.

Thus it was natural for Washington to attempt to use this Arab division after the Syrian coup. The public expressions of "concern" by Syria's Arab neighbors were intended to do just that, to bring pressure for a counterchange inside Syria at most, to quarantine Syria at least.

But Washington's effort was too blatant, too open, for Saud. The very day Dulles and Henderson were meeting the President at the White House, Saud stopped off at Beirut en route to take the waters at Baden-Baden, Germany. It now appears that the switch in the public American posture sprang from Saud's conversations with Lebanon's President Camille Chamoun and Foreign Minister Charles Malik.

Saud appears to have expressed to the Lebanese his doubts on the efficacy of the American tactics. He was worried that an Arab split might show up at the United Nations General Assembly, then about to meet, and that those Arab leaders like himself, pictured by the Americans as so concerned over Syria, would be tagged with a pro-West, soft-on-Israel charge that might undermine their own positions. Whatever the internal perils to his own throne, Saud knew Hussein's crown rests uneasy and that Lebanon's balance might easily be tipped the other way. Nor did the Iraqi régime relish another internal crisis like that at the time of Suez.

Just what Saud told the United States directly is hard to know. State



Department officials insist that he expressed alarm over Syria. They emphatically deny that he sent a message of any kind to President Eisenhower asking the United States to change its public tune.

The origin of the stories that Saud had sent such a message appears to be Saud's expression of doubts to the Lebanese in Beirut. In an interview just before flying to New

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York for the U.N. session, Malik said bluntly of Syria that "When Communists or fellow travelers seize power, it becomes very difficult to oust them, for they have a whole international movement behind them with all its infinite resources." But as to the conflict among Arabs themselves over Communism, Malik said that "The just grievances which exist in the Middle East against the West should be removed as much as possible." Foremost to Malik, as to practically everyone else, is the Palestine issue.

When Dulles held his next press conference, on September 10, he predicted that the Syrian crisis probably would be worked out peacefully. Instead of quoting Arab "concern" over Syria, he quoted this time a friend of the Arabs, India's Nehru, who had said a week earlier that the Syrian situation was "dangerous and explosive."

The press immediately interpreted Dulles's remarks as a turnabout. Three days later came the first story ascribing the switch to King Saud. Dulles himself later contended that no one was more surprised than he at the interpretations that the American position had changed.

Some high American officials say that Dulles knew when he first began quoting the "concern" of the Arabs over Syria that the end result would be to put them on the spot and force them to deny it publicly. But, these officials say, it was a case of Dulles taking risks in order to alert the world to Syria and especially to let the Soviet Union know the serious nature of Washington's own concern, hoping to make the Soviets ease up their Middle Eastern drive.

Dulles's next problem was what to say in his U.N. speech. There he went so far as to assert that an Assembly discussion might be useful and that the United States reserved "the right, in the light of that discussion, to introduce concrete proposals." In fact, he had some proposals in mind, chiefly the idea of a U.N. Middle East observation team to put the spotlight on Soviet activities. But the reason he said what he did was that Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, stopping in Iceland en route to the U.N., had indicated that the Soviets themselves would raise the issue. So Dulles decided to stake out the first claim.

THE RESULT was a cold chill at the U.N. On top of this, Saud flew back from Baden-Baden several days early to stop in Damascus, where he met with the Syrians and with Iraqi Premier Ali Jawdat, the first such Syrian-Iraqi contact since 1955, when Iraq joined Turkey in what was to be the Baghdad Pact.

Saud had carefully prepared the way for what was to come from this meeting—to come publicly, that is. A few days earlier his half brother, Crown Prince Feisal, who also is Saudi Arabia's prime minister and foreign minister and who had been in the United States for medical treatment, went to Washington. On leaving President Eisenhower's office, he discounted to reporters the American alarms over Syria. A few days later he added to a New York *Herald Tribune* reporter that the best solution for Syria was "to leave her alone, to tranquilize, to calm, to smooth things over." Other Saudi officials in the capital began to say that the one big danger to avoid was a war, that is, a clash of interest between the United States and the Soviet Union.

The Damascus meeting ended with all sorts of public pledges of unending Arab solidarity. Saud said that Syria represented no danger to any of its neighbors and that there must be Arab unity in the face of "threats endangering the Arab community." Then Saud flew home, his American-made transport plane escorted to the Syrian border by a covey of Soviet-built MIG fighters.

ALL THIS left the United States in a curious position, to put it mildly. Although the President and Dulles had publicly referred to the Eisenhower Doctrine on several occasions, everybody in Washington, in the Middle East, and in Moscow knew it could not be applied as long as there was no aggression by Syria. In addition, it could be used then only if the United States formally proclaimed Syria under the control of "international Communism" and if the nation attacked asked for help. The only danger appeared to be a Turkish attack on Syria, for the Turks hardly relish a Communist state on the south when they have already the Soviet Union on the north. In his U.N. speech, Dulles had written that the Soviets had "sought to intimidate Turkey from making internal dispositions of its security forces to protect against a possible Soviet pincer movement." But when he spoke he omitted the passage about the pincer movement.

Saud's actions demolished the American claims of Arab alarms over Syria, though American officials contend that the Arab reading of the Syrian coup as a move toward Moscow control has not changed. Certainly Washington's own estimate has not altered.

The trouble is that the Eisenhower administration insists on putting the Syrian issue in terms of the East-West conflict, whereas the other Arab leaders will not or cannot let it be so stated because it divides them and even threatens the power of some of them.

Gromyko at the U.N. was quick to make use of these factors. It was the United States, he said, which is setting nation against nation "in an effort to find obedient conspirators against the independence first of one and then of another Arab country," and it was Dulles who had labeled as "extreme nationalistic ambitions" what was simply "the aspiration to safeguard one's national independence," especially when American "oil monopolies" were after the Arab's "natural wealth" for greedy purposes. And so on, including a warning that the Soviet Union will not remain "an impassive observer" while the Americans turn the Middle East into "a permanent hotbed of military conflicts."

Stalemate

Nearly two months after the leftist coup in Syria, then, Bizri and his associates remain in power and have purged some of their possible rivals; Syria's Arab neighbors, whatever their misgivings, have publicly rallied to stand by Syria; and King Saud, the chief Arab prop of American Middle East policy, is trying to smooth things over or perhaps imagines that they really aren't as bad as they seem. The Soviet game has been played so skillfully as to preclude any effective American ac-

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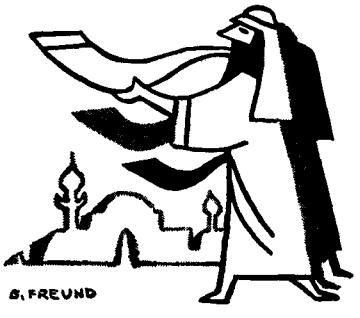
tion, certainly any effective overt action.

Still, Bizri and his friends have not yet removed their ineffectual civilian front men, President al-Kuwatly or Foreign Minister Salah Bitar; they have not set up a Revolutionary Command Council on the Nasser model, long Colonel Serraj's aim, to run the country as an outright military dictatorship. But Syria has more Soviet arms and technicians than its army can absorb, and its chief port begins to look like a new Soviet naval base in the Mediterranean; all its leaders, military and civilian, are openly hostile to the United States and friendly to the Soviet Union.

Worst of all, as far as Washington is concerned, Syrian nationalism, aided and abetted by the Soviet Union, has set an example for other Arab states—especially for the extremists in neighboring Jordan and Lebanon—not to mention Yemen and the Persian Gulf oil sheikdoms so vital to Britain and western Europe for their oil.

IT HAS long been said in Washington that the key to Middle Eastern peace and stability was Arab-Israeli peace and the way to get started on that was through what Charles Malik has called "imaginative schemes for social and economic development." But Suez exacerbated Arab-Israeli relationships, and the Soviets openly back the Arab extremists (to a point short of war) against Israel. If there are any administration officials in Washington who are thinking of "imaginative schemes," they had better remember that Congress has already taken a big whack out of the available foreign-aid funds, and that another cut seems all but certain when the issue comes up again next year.



The Boys Who Made Bad

CLAIRE STERLING

ROME

"I GOT NOTHING against this country," said Ralph Liguori, once Lucky Luciano's right-hand man in the New York gambling, bookmaking, brothel, and dope business, now a guide for American sight-seers in Rome. "Only it ain't my home. When they took me out of Sing Sing, the judge said 'Son, do you want to go to Italy?' 'No, Your Honor,' I says, 'send me back to jail.' I come to the U.S.A. when I was a babe in my mother's arms. I couldn't speak no Italian. I didn't even know where Italy *was*, for God's sake. But they deported me anyways, and here I been for twelve years. Now I ask you, do you call that democratic? Do you call that fair?"

We were sitting over a morning coffee at the Bar Nord, where Liguori makes his headquarters, a few blocks from the railroad station. I had asked to see him early because I was catching a train for Naples to interview some of his colleagues, and I wanted first to meet their highest dignitary in Rome. Of the five hundred or so racketeers, crooks, gamblers, dope pushers, white slavers, and all-purpose hoods whom the United States has deported to Italy since the war, very few are permitted to live in the capital. In general, they must go back to wherever they came from—more often than not some southern mountain town where they are driven to despair by the limited professional opportunities and the exposure to country air. Only a handful with high rank and considerable means have managed to get residence permits for more livable areas—Luciano in Naples, Big Mike Spinella in Capri, Joe Adonis in Florence. But not even these can enter Rome. Liguori can because he was born there—and this, together with the fact that he had money in his pocket when he landed in Italy, has made him an enviable figure among the deportees.

When I met him—a short, plump man of fifty-five, wearing a poorly ironed shirt under a shoddy brown jacket—he didn't look as if he had much money left. "I had a wad when I came," he admitted, "but I run through it." He told me he'd just come out of the Regina Coeli prison, where he'd spent four months awaiting trial on charges of shipping girls to the white-slave market in Damascus. The charges were finally dropped. "It was a frame," he said. "These Roman cops are always looking for a fish for the bowl, and I'm their prize fish."

When in Rome . . .

How did he make a living, I asked. Well, it was tough. "I was doing all right for a while with a coupla night clubs, but the cops found some dope or something and closed me down. After that, all I could do, I had to memorize them guidebooks and show the folks from America how they could have a good time. I take 'em to the Colosseum and St. Peter's, and then, if they want some fancy eating and dancing, I take 'em to the right places in my car." He produced, first, a cheap business card which said simply "When in Rome, see Ralph Liguori."

It wouldn't be such a bad life, Liguori went on as we walked toward the station, if the police would stop breathing down his neck. "Only I just don't feel right here. I got a family on the other side, and I want to go home."

Before seeing me off, he gave me a note for Luciano saying "Hello Charlie, this little lady wants to talk to you," and a final word of advice. "You'll find a lot of bums down there," he said. "Third class. You want to know what's really going on, go see Joe the Wop."

IT WASN'T EASY to find Joe the Wop in Naples, or any other deportees for that matter. I knew there were

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supposed to be nearly two hundred of them living around the waterfront—legally or illegally—but no one I met in a day-long hunt through the waterfront cafés had ever heard of them. The next day, however, when I was halfway through a second round of the same cafés, I was stopped by a cross-eyed little man selling ships' models sealed in American bourbon bottles. "If you're looking for the boys," he said with a wink, "they're waiting for you in there." In the back of a noisy little bar I found the boys—a delegation of three, including Blackie, Willie the Wobbler, and Joe the Wop.

All were painstakingly shaved and combed, and cleanly, if shabbily, dressed. The clothes were American, they said, provided by their families or sympathetic sailors from the Sixth Fleet. "I wouldn't wear no Italian clothes," said Joe. They apologized for not presenting themselves the day before, when I had first come looking for them. You couldn't be too careful, they explained, with the police spying day in, day out, ready to pull them in for any excuse or none. "They arrested me thirty-two times one year," said Blackie, who has been in Naples since 1947.

"Not that he done nothing wrong," added Joe.

"I wouldn't steal a toot'pick in this town," said Blackie.

"What else would there be to steal?" demanded Willie.

"And if there was, who could beat them Neapolitans to it?" rejoined Blackie. The others nodded in gloomy assent.

But didn't any of the deportees go on with their former careers in Italy, I asked. A few, the boys admitted, and where did it get them? "Take that Frankie Coppola," said Blackie. "Got caught with a trunkful of heroin down in Sicily and tried to beat it over the roofs. Did you every try to run over them cockeyed tiles?" he demanded in disgust. "Well, he'll never see the Statue of Liberty again."

"Neither will we," said Joe.

There was another depressed silence.

It Ain't Human

Had any of them tried to get a regular job, I wanted to know. "Who would hire us with the cops asking questions a mile long?" responded Joe.

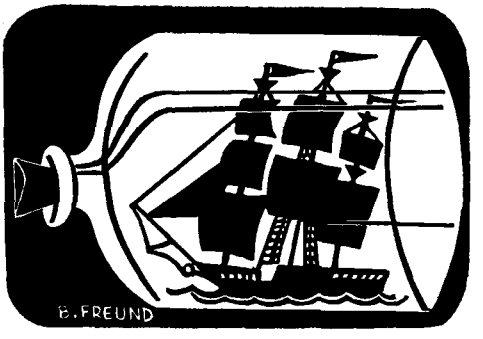
What did they do for money, I asked. Worked the port, they told me—"Us and a couple million other guys." Those who could keep up a good appearance worked the tourist belt along the swanky Santa Lucia, selling fake Parker 51 pens, contraband cigarettes, or cameos or acting as guides. Others confined themselves to American sailors.

"Look at Willie here," said Joe.

We all looked at Willie, whose front teeth were missing and who weighed about a hundred pounds. "You'd be surprised what a service Willie can be to American sailors. They come in with a month's pay, in a hurry, want a lot of fun and pretty girls. Willie takes them to the places where the girls at least got a medical certificate and the whiskey don't blind you, and he sticks by them till their liberty is over. If it wasn't for Willie, half of them would get crucified."

"If I could only get up the dough for a set of teeth," sighed Willie, looking the competition over, "I'd get into the tourist trade."

"Lemme ask you something," said Joe, steering the conversation to a higher plane. "Do *you* think we belong here? Take me, for instance. I



don't get along with these Italians. I don't feel like an Italian. I don't *think* like one. My mom took me to New York when I was five years old. My pop was an American pioneer; he built all them houses up Riverside Drive and West End Avenue with his own hands. I always been proud to be American and I *still* am. All right, so maybe I made a mistake when I was young. But even senators make mistakes, or why would they have erasers on their pencils? Anyways, I paid for it, didn't I? I did my time. Why send me here for life? What I want to say is if the Americans want to keep us here, why don't they give us a pension? Our families pay plenty taxes over there. I ain't blaming nobody but myself for what happened to me, and I ain't asking for no sympathy. But whatever we done, what they done to us back there ain't human. It just ain't human."

IT WAS AFTER DARK by the time I reached Luciano's home, across the city and in another world. A top-floor five-room apartment, high on the Via Tasso overlooking the Bay, it was not the opulent villa often described in the Italian press. But it was sumptuous compared to anything the boys at the waterfront were living in, and it denoted solid wealth.

Aware of Luciano's dislike for the press, I wasn't sure he would see me. But when I produced Ralph Liguori's card, I was received graciously by his mistress, a sweet-faced blonde who had once danced in the ballet at La Scala.

Soon Luciano appeared, a quiet, middle-aged man with neatly brushed graying hair and rimless glasses. Apart from his diamond-studded watch and intense tie, there was little about him to suggest he had once been a founder of Murder, Inc., and a kingpin of every important American racket from bookmaking and the numbers to white slavery and drugs. I knew, however, that he had been an object of continuing suspicion to U.S. Federal agents, Interpol, and the Italian authorities since his deportation in 1946. I also knew that since his arrival in Naples the city had once again become one of the world's biggest dope-smuggling centers, after a hiatus of many years. Nevertheless, the police have never been able to prove that this was any more than a coincidence. "They been watching me for a long time," said Luciano sardonically. "Let 'em watch."

Except for a little betting on the horses, he told me, he was living like a model citizen. Although he plainly had plenty of money—he was recently fined $2,000 for trying to bring $50,000 into the country without declaring it—he had gone out and got a job when the authorities ordered him to. First, he had

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tried out as a salesman, then he'd opened a pastry shop in Palermo, then a pharmaceutical-supply company on the fashionable Via Chiatamone, and finally a factory for hospital furniture in the Piazza Dante. All but the last had failed. "I didn't know nothing about them businesses, and I don't about this one—but I'm learning, I'm learning. All I want now is for everyone to forget me, and I'll do all right."

But, he complained, though the police knew everything he did every minute of the day, "They still keep dragging my name out whenever they pick up some hophead with a shot of something in his pocket. It's getting so my name is like salt—you need a pinch in every dish."

Let 'em Dream

Furthermore, Luciano added, every time he got more publicity the deportees would come around for another handout. "Take that place I had in Via Chiatamone. When the papers wrote it up, all the deportees found out where to find me. They'd just line up at the corner and wait. I got so I stayed away."

Not that the deportees don't need help, he went on. "Some of them would break your heart. They come around, been in stir for two months and out for a week, then in again, out again. I give 'em a thousand lire and tell 'em to go get a shave and a bath and a meal. But if there're five hundred of 'em in Italy, four hundred come to me. I'm no bank. Sometimes I tell them, 'Why don't you clear out of this place?' But where would they go? To their home towns? They'd die."

I asked him if there were any deportees among the forty-three employees in his factory. "I thought about it," he answered. "But then I thought, What would the Italian authorities say? That I was shovin' dope into the legs of the hospital beds? So I decided No."

Did he expect to spend the rest of his life in Italy? He shrugged. "I'm getting older, no more moving for me. I got my business here, own my own house . . . I'll be stayin'." He picked up the card I had brought from Liguori. "That Ralph. Is he still talkin' about goin' home?" I nodded. "What a dream," he mused. "But let 'em dream."

Complacency, Conformity, And a Moskvich in Every Garage

HANS ROGGER

A RECENT TRIP to the Soviet Union with a number of other American specialists in the field of Russian studies gave me an opportunity to check at first hand impressions and conclusions that I had formed at a distance. I found in general that our serious students and reporters of the Russian scene had given quite an accurate picture of society in the Soviet Union but that certain revisions were necessary.

These revisions concern a surprising degree of official dedication to the improvement of the standard of living, an artistic and intellectual life that seems to have benefited less from the recent thaw than might be assumed, a wide acceptance of the régime's patterns of thought, and a widespread admiration for its achievements.

The single strongest impression of my month's stay in Russia is of an extraordinary degree of preoccupation with the search for possessions. This preoccupation does not derive primarily from want or privation but from a gradual improvement in the standard of living, where each new plateau creates new appetites, from the existence of a substantial number of well-to-do who feel entitled to rewards for their loyalty and want to create a distinct style of life, from a general demand for color and variety, and from a conscious governmental policy that stresses appliances at the expense of nonmaterial values.

From the first walk I took upon arrival in Leningrad, I was made to realize the important place certain consumer goods occupy in the Soviet citizen's scale of values. I was accosted almost immediately by two boys of about eighteen or twenty who had taken a quick but careful inventory of my attire and who were themselves conspicuous for their western style of dress. They were students, they told me, one of literature and the other of electronics. It soon became clear that we hadn't much to say to each other, for where I wanted to trade ideas they wanted to trade shirts and shoes. However disappointing we must have been to each other, they gave me my first glimpse into the mentality of a post-revolutionary generation for whom the struggles and enthusiasms of the heroic period of Soviet history are but textbook memories. These are the children of parents who have arrived (the father of one was a professor, the other a civil servant) and who now seek to distinguish themselves from the surrounding drabness by a superficial westernism in dress and manners. In this context a well-made pair of shoes or a well-fitting suit is more than an item of apparel; it has become a claim to distinction and to prestige.

Another time, a student who had approached me for purposes of "biziness" pointed to a group of workers singing tipsily in the streets, and remarked, indicating their shapeless trousers, their peasant faces, and their alcoholic boisterousness, "There's Russian culture for you." I met this attitude again when talking with a boy in Kiev, who was distressed that a shirt of decent cut was hard to come by, though he admitted that the supply of clothing was adequate. He also professed shame at having a foreigner see the old-fashioned provincial décor of my hotel and the sad trio who tried nightly to impart an air of glamour to the hotel dining room. "No Elvis, no rock 'n' roll," he said, and was surprised that I found this omission an attractive feature of Russian life.

THE INFATUATION with the material aspects of western life is part of the craving for commodities that exists in all sectors of the population. Far from alienating the average citizen from his society, this craving is used to tie him to it by the bonds of interest and the anticipation of

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rewards. Russia's rulers, in spite of a continued insistence on the primacy of heavy industry, have probably done more than their predecessors did to satisfy and stimulate consumer wants.

The most extraordinary publication I saw in Moscow was a magazine, sold at newsstands, devoted entirely to descriptions of new gadgets, furnishings, and appliances made in Russia and abroad—a Sears Roebuck catalogue without order blank. There was no indication where these things could be bought or of their price—surely the strangest form of advertising east of Madison Avenue, though perhaps not too different in purpose. Durable consumer goods are still few, expensive, and of inferior quality. But as possible and even probable rewards for hard work and dutiful conformity, there is a surprising variety of things on the shelves and in the windows of the big department stores.

The Moskvich in Their Future

A young deckhand and his wife, a dishwasher on the river boat I traveled on, told me proudly that they were saving to buy a car—a revolutionary fact when one realizes that a decent pair of shoes still costs a secretary's monthly salary. It is of secondary importance whether the young couple will get their car; what is significant for the system is their sober saving and the Moskvich car in their future.

The new Moscow department store for children, recently opened by Khrushchev and Bulganin, was meant as a demonstration of their interest in the well-being of the people. It is clearly a show window for the rest of the country, and even if the bicycles and radios and chemistry sets are in short supply or out of reach of many, they are tangibly there—at prices not so outrageous as to discourage the possibility of ever acquiring them. Fashion shows and electric razors, stockings and underwear from East Germany, all are designed to satisfy and to stimulate further the craving for commodities. But most important, perhaps, they are intended to direct attention and energy away from political and ideological concerns. The hope is that the man with the Moskvich in his future will endanger neither his car nor his future by acts of indiscipline or indiscretion.

In addition to the materialism of personal possession, there is what might be called a public materialism contributing to the neglect of other values. Frequently I was struck by the inordinate pride of ordinary citizens, even those who had suffered bitterly at the hands of the régime, in what are surely the cheapest symbols of success for any authoritarian state: monumental buildings and stadiums, subways and jet planes. An elderly doctor whose brother-in-law was shot during the purges and who had himself experienced exile and persecution was enthusiastically proud about the completion of the Volga-Don Canal, and a young linguist who complained bitterly about

the intellectual blinkers imposed by the state was confident that his home town, Stalingrad, would soon have a telescope bigger than Mount Wilson's.

I had to admit repeatedly that we did not have such luxurious subways as Moscow's or Leningrad's, or such phenomenal palaces of culture or such jet planes. More than once this was taken as evidence that the United States was not so rich and powerful after all. On one occasion I did succeed in making the point that the money and resources that had been spent on beautifying the subways could have been assigned more reasonably to workers' dwellings, but I don't think I made much of an impression when I said to a proud Leningrader that the only subway that could compare in beauty with his was in Rome, and that it had been built during Mussolini's dictatorial régime.

The technological dynamism of the régime still finds many admirers and accounts for the profound impression the Soviet Union leaves on many visitors. That the human costs come high is too easily forgotten in the face of tangible results.

Cars, Culture, and a Contradiction

The egalitarianism of appearance and conduct in many areas of Soviet life belies extreme differences in incomes and style of living. This egalitarianism, more apparent than real, stems only in part from the general impression of drabness. It is the one revolutionary heritage few dare flout openly, and it is reinforced by a general puritanism of manners and morals that can make life very difficult. The wife of a leading intellectual, a woman of rare charm and taste who acted as guide for one of my friends, told us she didn't dress as stylishly as she could for fear of inviting criticism. For anyone in an exposed position it is advisable to maintain the fiction of a classless society, and the government repeatedly calls to public account those who set themselves too visibly apart from the mass.

There is a contradiction here between the general yearning for more style and color in the daily life of the people—a yearning to which the government has made concessions by showing foreign fashions and producing two-tone cars—and the demands of doctrinaire socialism. Inevitably this contradiction creates psychological strains and anxieties that make the sensitive Soviet citizen a complex creature indeed.

The absence of a leading class, recognized as such, creates a host of minor irritations and frictions that complicate many human contacts and transactions. Probably this is the reason behind the government's campaign for politeness and the extensive use of the word "culture" as a designation for all that is thought gracious and well-mannered.

It is a sign of culture to check one's hat and coat on entering a restaurant, though it is all right to eat in your shirt sleeves or to parade in your pajamas on the platform of a railroad station. It is hard to distinguish between what is cultured and what is not, especially when the word appears on a poster on the side of a ship exhorting the crew to raise

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higher "the culture of passenger service" in honor of the anniversary of the revolution.

In such a variety of contexts, the word implies approval of all the fussy formalism of a defunct middle class and disdain for anything that smells of the Russian village. The false gentility of Russian "culture" in this limited sense of the word is one of the most depressing aspects of Soviet life. Every traveler has remarked on the oppressively Victorian décor of most public places from hotels to airports, the presence everywhere of red plush, and the almost total absence of functional architecture.

THESE REMNANTS of the last century survive also in human relations and have led quite a few Russians who think themselves "cultured" to look with contempt on their less genteel fellow citizens. On more than one occasion guides or casual acquaintances would try to steer me away from a sight—such as a group of children asking for souvenir coins from abroad or a group of gaping peasants in from the country—which they considered shameful for the new Russia but which for me constituted a large measure of its real flavor.

For example, the prohibition against taking photographs from shipboard was explained for me by a young electrician, himself the son of peasants, by the perversity of foreigners who would photograph a peasant woman bathing naked in the stream and then publish the photo abroad as evidence of Russia's lack of culture. Compared with what they were thirty years ago, Russian bathing beaches are very proper places today.

The general acceptance of an ideological egalitarianism in conflict with the demands of "culture" causes minor but frequent outbursts between the guardians of the new gentility (doormen, waiters, conductors, and service personnel in general) and members of the public who flout its rather uncertain standards of behavior. Each time a waiter waved a Russian away from my table he did so, I am convinced, more from a sense of the fitness of things—it would be offensive for the foreign traveler to have to share his table—than from any fear of political infection.

Another aspect of this surface egalitarianism and the attendant uncertainties of social classification is the widespread wearing of orders, decorations, ribbons, and lapel buttons of various kinds as symbols of distinction in an otherwise uniform scene. Besides the military decorations (which many veterans wear on their civilian suits), there are orders for heroes of labor and for outstanding workers in education, badges for partisans of peace and for members of youth organizations. Even towns, theaters, and subways can be honored in this way; for example, the "Moscow Park of Culture and Rest, Name of Gorki, Order of Lenin" and the "hero towns" Odessa and Stalingrad.

Fixed Ideas and True Doctrine

In addition to an understandable love of country and a pride in its achievements, there was among most of the people I talked to an acceptance of the basic assumptions on which state and society rest. An unwillingness to challenge these, even though official policy may be criticized in certain aspects of its execution, is abetted by the inability to make comparisons with other systems as well as an astounding ignorance of certain features of their own. Everyone was appalled to find out the high taxes Americans pay but unaware of the fact that the vast proportion of the state's revenue in the Soviet Union comes from a concealed sales tax. The much-decorated army captain who asked me on the train going to Odessa why our newspapers constantly slandered the Soviet Union had, of course, never read one, but he was absolutely convinced that foreign papers could be freely obtained at any newsstand. I tried to point out to him that there are good newspapers and bad newspapers in the West, serious ones and not so serious ones, and that there is no single official opinion about the Soviet Union.

I often found the conviction that there is only one possible answer to the central problems of society. Apart from constituting an element of the system's strength, this conviction is one of the major difficulties besetting every conversation with Soviet citizens. Such thinking in fixed categories yields only reluctantly to the challenge of reality.

I REMEMBER with particular vividness a long conversation with a provincial schoolteacher. Our talk ranged over a wide variety of topics from literature to economics, and in spite of his limitations of outlook and information (nothing I said could disabuse him of the notion that Howard Fast was our most important contemporary novelist), our exchanges were lively and cordial. Our greatest difficulty in communicating with one another was his insistence on pigeonholing me and my views in categories that had a predetermined meaning and made it unnecessary for him to examine my points on their merit. He spoke proudly of the achievement of socialism in his country, the collective ownership of the means of production, and contrasted it with the situation in the United States. Did I not think it wrong that one man should own all—here he pointed vaguely to factories and ships and houses—and the many nothing? I replied that his was a somewhat dated view of capitalism and that, moreover, many of us believed in the public ownership of certain branches of the economy, but not as a dogma to be imposed by force. There was a smile of recognition on his face. "What, then, is your position?" I hesitated to label myself, but said that I could perhaps be called a social democrat. All became clear. "Ah," he said, "like Bernstein and Kautsky."

I felt myself suddenly reduced in his eyes to the advocate of positions which he knew from his texts to be falsifications of the true doctrine, or at best delusions. But the matter did not rest there; the noose of definition was drawn still tighter. Who was my father? he asked. Had I any capital of my own? My answers made things entirely clear for him and showed him, I suppose, how little significance to attach to my views. I was a member of the intelligentsia, not clearly allied either by heritage or interest to the capitalist class and therefore capable of a reformist brand of socialism, but no more. Neither I nor the capitalist West had yet fought through

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to the only and final answer. I told him that for my part I would like to stumble along for a while experimenting with partial answers.

Beer and Cognac at Breakfast

The schoolteacher is not fully representative of the range of opinion to be found in the Soviet Union. There is a relatively sophisticated intellectual elite that has access to information not available to the average citizen. But my experience with the teacher was repeated so often that I came away with a sense of depression about what I can only call the semi-literacy of many educated Russians.

A political economist from Mongolia who was in Leningrad to defend his doctoral dissertation, and insisted that I join him in his breakfast of beer and cognac, was as convinced as the schoolteacher that only in Soviet society had the problems of class and race, production and distribution been solved. He was so proud that he, the son of a shepherd, had attained the academic heights that I am afraid I deflated him somewhat when I told him that my father had not been a capitalist, that many Americans studied on scholarships, and that, in fact, we had such things as state universities. On the color question, to which he was particularly sensitive, he was convinced that it was totally impossible for "subject nationalities" to study in American universities. When, to cite just one more example, I conceded the validity of certain criticisms of the United States, I was taken to be a Communist, and I did not find it easy to explain that even as a non-Communist I need not embrace uncritically every feature of American life.

I was given an incomparable insight into the process that produces such certainties and limitations when I spent a day in the history faculty of Moscow University. I attended six or seven oral examinations of students who had completed three to four years of work and would eventually go on to teaching in the secondary schools. These particular examinations were on the history of the U.S.S.R. The totally schematic nature of the questions and answers, along with the crudely tendentious way in which many of the problems were posed, was unexpected at this level of the educational process. As candidate after candidate stepped before the examining commission, the same framework of doctrine would be used for the presentation of a wide variety of facts, all pointing to one end—the culmination of the historical process in the creation of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

This is by no means all that Russian universities do or are capable of doing. Among the three or four graduates of the faculty of history who each year are allowed to go on to advanced scholarly work, there must be some who will eventually do their own thinking, perhaps in the safety of the academician's study or the comfort of a colleague's friendship. But their thoughts will find little echo elsewhere without a larger measure of tolerance for new and unorthodox ideas. Artists and intellectuals who before Hungary enjoyed a brief and qualified freedom have little change now of seeing their work accepted by the public.

IT APPEARED, when I was in Russia, that in spite of some softening of the Stalinist rigor in the arts, nothing easily accessible to the public could lay claim to being a departure in form or content. The theater (with some exceptions), the cinema, opera, ballet, and music repeat with tiresome regularity the tried, the true, and the safe. The eternal folk motifs in music, the endless repetition of classical favorites in the ballet, the soporific success stories of the movies—which are considered daring because they may contain criticism of an entrenched bureaucracy—are meager fare for discriminating tastes. As a consequence, both audiences and performers concentrate too much on purely technical excellence. This is particularly noticeable in the ballet, which is probably the most popular art form in the Soviet Union. The crowds who turn out to watch and cheer their favorite stars and companies are much like our baseball crowds in their fierce partisanship, their talk of the fine points, and their appreciation of athletic prowess—though often what there is of dance in a ballet will be overwhelmed by masses of scenery, a brashness in the music, the richness of the costuming, and the broadness of the pantomime.

There are, it is true, instances of a departure from too narrow a definition of orthodoxy. In Moscow two plays by famous and talented Soviet writers were being performed after a twenty-year absence from the stage. Both of them—Mayakovski's *Bedbug* and Kataev's *Squaring of the Circle*—delighted audiences by their satire of a too zealous reading of official doctrine. Although there are new themes in literature and new authors, of whom Dudintsev is the most famous, one does not often hear their names mentioned or see their works in the bookshops. What effect the recent condemnation of a group of young writers for "serious ideological error" will have on future experimentation is not hard to foresee. Similarly, a number of historians connected with the magazine *Problems of History* were severely reprimanded in June for their "misguided" attempts at objectivity. These incidents demonstrate the very real limitations under which any "new spirit" must operate. Whether these restrictions will last and make impossible the further growth of artistic and intellectual independence is to raise the fundamental question of the future course of Soviet society.

AT PRESENT, then, the Soviet citizen is preoccupied to a degree which supposedly is typical only in the United States with the craving for commodities, committed to the premises on which the state rests, not aware or not interested in alternatives to the situation, and increasingly reconciled to it by the passage of time, the inability to compare, and the expectation of concrete rewards. The poverty of intellectual and artistic life may be a concomitant of the concern with possessions, fostered by the state to rob a potential opposition of influence among the masses—a policy that has had a fair degree of success. There may be more profound signs of disaffection than I was aware of, but they are not likely to come to the surface unless the structure of the state is again shaken as severely as it was at the death of Stalin.

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VIEWS & REVIEWS

Ain't Nobody Here But Us Commercials

MARYA MANNES

A CLOUD no bigger than a man's hand settled over a small projection room in New York a few weeks ago and produced a fallout possibly out of proportion to its size. This was the first showing to the New York press of a thing called subliminal projection, more cozily referred to as "the invisible sell."

The visible sell, of course, is the kind of advertising we are used to on television: the commercial urging us to buy this and that during breaks between or within programs. To anyone exposed to television for more than an hour at a time, these commercials become a profoundly wearying, often exasperating intrusion that can be endured only in two ways: absence from the screen while they are on or the drawing of blinds over eye and ear. Both defeat the purpose of the commercial, which is to sell. Although vast quantities of products are still being sold through this medium, a few smart people have come to the conclusion that there can be—and will be—a point of no return, where the repeated assault and saturation of the public mind will either numb or confuse its will to buy. There will be then the passive—and dreaded—rebellion of indifference.

Ballet with a Message

Among these smart people are Mr. James M. Vicary, a motivation researcher, Mr. Francis G. Thayer, president of Subliminal Projection Co., Inc., and the businessmen who have invested in Mr. Vicary's invention, which in its broadest sense is a way to sell the public below the level of its consciousness by means of a commercial that is neither seen nor heard.

Nor were these men the pioneers of this method. Experiments in subliminal projection were performed nearly two years ago by—of all people—the British, the staunchest guardians of human privacy in the world. On June 22, 1956, a BBC-TV program called "A Question of Science" showed a ballet film and told the viewing audience to call in if they noticed anything unusual. The message flashed subliminally on the screen was "Pirie Breaks World Record." Although the producer himself could not see it, twenty people called and said they were conscious of the message, which they quoted. Four hundred and thirty people wrote that they got a subconscious reaction indicating the nature of the message—"somebody broke a record or something." One woman said she was washing dishes when "it came to her"; one woman dreamed it.

Although several letters to the *Times* of London viewed the experiment with indignant alarm, the public as a whole seemed apathetic toward the subject.

THIS could not be said of the small group of New York press people invited to sample it here. A few of us were offered a demonstration of something we could not see and a release, distributed beforehand, describing what it was that we wouldn't see.

"The demonstration," it read, "in a film studio was of a projector developed by the Corporation for use in motion picture theaters. Those present were shown how the advertising message 'Eat Popcorn' could be projected invisibly onto a motion-picture screen at the same time that a regular picture was playing. It was reported that in actual tests with the same projector such an invisible message motivated the viewer's purchasing and consumption behavior much as 'reminder' advertising." In a six-week test at an unidentified theater attended by more than forty-five thousand people, two advertising messages were projected subliminally at alternate times during the program. One urged the audience to eat popcorn, the other to drink Coca-Cola. The invisible advertising increased popcorn sales on an average of 57.5 per cent and Coca-Cola sales on an average of 18.1 per cent. "Subliminal," explained the release, meant "below the threshold of sensation or awareness."

Cokes amid the Coral

The faces of the reporters grew graver as they read. Awareness was distinctly above the threshold when the lights in the projection room were extinguished and a color

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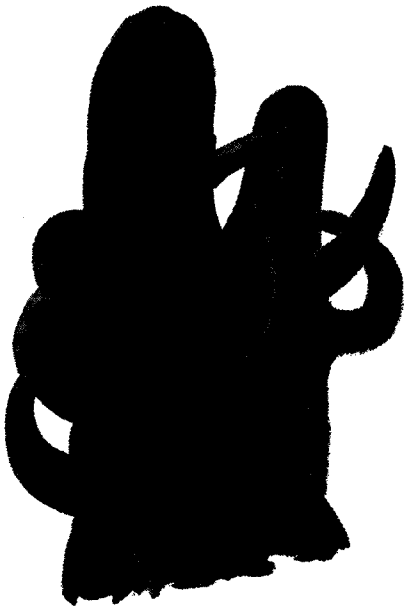
film—*Secrets of the Reef*—unreeled on the screen. The ladies and gentlemen of the New York press waited tensely for subliminal seduction as beautiful fish nosed their way in and out of waving ocean growths and coral cities. Nothing happened except that two or three or four times—it appeared later that viewers



differed—a very dim imprint of the Coca-Cola trademark could be seen on the water among the fish. The showing ended with the screen cut in half, the right side showing the virgin film, the left showing the subliminal projection alone. Each flash, we were told, had lasted only one three-thousandth of a second. We were also told that whether we had seen it or not, "Coca-Cola" had been flashed on the screen every five seconds, or 169 times.

In the question period that followed, Mr. Vicary explained that we had seen the "application" only when it was incorrect—when the message had been projected against a dark "frame." "We did this on purpose so that you could actually see the words. In practice the application is always on a screen *lighter* than the projected print itself, and therefore impossible to see."

An analogy may convey more clearly what subliminal projection is. There are sounds of such high frequency, for instance, that the human ear cannot hear them. Yet the sounds exist and tests have proved that they penetrate some area of human consciousness. This machine projects images at such speed and of such faint luminosity that the viewer is not aware that he has seen them. Yet they do impinge on some area of perception.

The Vicaryous Reminder

After Vicary had ended his interpretation of the process, the newsmen were at him like terriers. There was hostility, resistance, and unease in many of their questions, in marked contrast to Vicary's genial and soothing answers.

Was there not a major question of ethics involved here, the manipulation of a public without its consent or knowledge?

There are many questions involved in subliminal projection, Vicary said, and that is why we are bringing it into the open before its actual use—so that people can talk about it. "But I would like to point out," he said, "that its aim is not to *induce* but to *remind*. Those people in the theater test, for instance: Only those who were already thirsty reacted to our Coca-Cola applications. They had no effect on people who were not." Later, however, Vicary said that the process could "build up a prior readiness."

"But that," said a reporter, "isn't reminding, is it? It's inducing."

Later Vicary himself bore this out when he described a university test of subliminal projection, in which the face of a man was shown on a movie screen and the word "Happy" flashed invisibly across it. The members of the audience were then asked to describe on cards their description of the man's expression, and nearly all wrote "Happy." The next day the same face was projected before a different audience but the word flashed was "Unhappy." A great majority of the cards read "Unhappy."

"The tests in England and here have shown similar results," said Vicary. "Psychiatrists, educators, psychologists are all well aware of the effectiveness of the process. This is for real."

"But is this not an invasion of the public privacy?" said a man with a heavy European accent. "At least with an ordinary television commercial you know that they are trying to sell you something and you can ignore it or build up a resistance. But here we are being screamed at to buy something, and we do not even know it!"

Smiles spread over the faces of the inventor and the president of Subliminal Productions. They were so palpably unsinister.

"It's a pretty small scream when you can't even hear it," said Vicary.

But how far had this gone, the reporters wanted to know? Did any advertisers have it yet?

No, not yet. But a number were keenly interested.

Had any contracts been signed for the manufacture of the special subliminal projector?

No, but negotiations were under way.

Was the patent public?

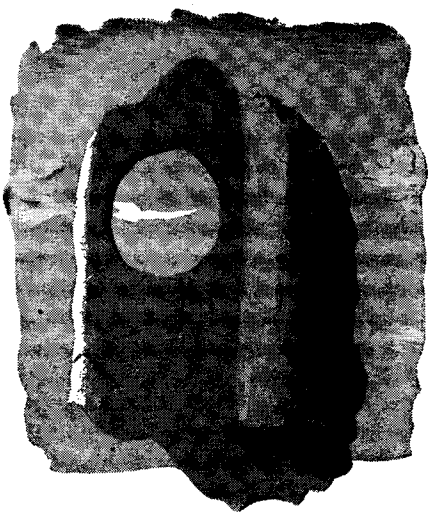
No, it was pending, but it would be public when granted. "We have applied for patents to cover all fields of subliminal perception," said Vicary.

The Subliminal at the Fireside

What about television? The release had said that this new process "promises two substantial gains to the viewing public: fewer interruptions for sponsor messages and added entertainment time . . . Commercial television would eventually reach a point where there would have to be excessive use of commercials in order to satisfy advertisers' demands for time," and this would offer a solution.

But exactly how?

Well, said Vicary, suppose you



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have an ordinary soap-flakes commercial during the usual program break. Instead of using up air time to repeat it during another break, the subliminal projector could take one frame of this commercial—say of the box with the name on it—and flash it invisibly throughout the program. This would be "remember-type" advertising. The viewer would not be conscious of these applications during the entertainment: They would reach him under his conscious layer, creating a predisposition toward the product.

One woman said: "You say here that the commercial use of this process may require a 'built-in assurance of proper usage.' How do you plan to guarantee this proper usage?"

They hadn't got that far yet, said the inventor. Obviously there would have to be some sort of control so that it would not be used for the wrong purposes. The implication throughout was that if the process were confined merely to commercial advertising, there was no rape of the mind. Vicary kept repeating that it affected only the "willing." Nothing could be imposed upon the resistant or the indifferent.

"How do you know?" shouted a man. "How can you tell from a six-week tryout?"

"You told us what to expect in this one," said a reporter, "and showed us the message. How about putting the film on again with the correct—that is, invisible—applications of another message, and then see if we know what it was?"

Vicary regretted. "I'm afraid we aren't set up for that today. But all the tests have proved conclusively that the process works."

"This is for real," he said again; and then, a little later, "The subliminal is with us all the time."

After some more questioning the newsmen straggled out, most of them for a stiff and early drink.

IT WAS SOME TIME before the feelings of unease and depression were dissipated, to be replaced—perhaps foolishly—by the thought that we might ultimately become as bored by invisible sales messages as we are by visible ones. Subliminal projections could, in other words, subliminally cancel each other out.

Mais Ce N'est Plus La France

MADELEINE CHAPSAL

WHETHER you like it or not, America is everywhere in France today. You discover it in a hundred details, habits, and attitudes that have become so natural to the French that you have to look twice before you say, "But this is not French at all, this is American." America has invaded the very domains France has always considered peculiarly its own: cooking, for instance, fashion, literature, and even love.

FRENCH COOKING is essentially home cooking. It presupposes a battalion of women—wife, cook, maids—with nothing to do but plan meals and watch over the stove. Cooking is now becoming as obsolete as hand embroidery.

A well-planned lunch should take into account last night's dinner; it should be made up of a succession of courses selected after mature consideration and half a day at the market. A well-cooked meal requires a stove burning all day, on which complicated dishes slowly simmer and, at the last moment, are brought to completion. Frenchwomen no longer have the time.

American cooking has replaced all this. For two reasons: It is healthier —French cooking makes you fat—and it is easier.

Paris today is filled with snack bars and cafeterias that provide simple and cheap meals: ketchup-splashed hamburgers, milk and ice cream. The old Parisian—there are still some of them around—does not like these sanitary ultramodern food factories; he wants more than a cup of coffee and a sandwich, and he misses the little restaurant you had to be told about before you could find it hidden in some back alley.

Fewer and fewer Parisians complain. Nature is merciful. The art of enjoying good cooking is vanish-

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ing along with good meals. When you are in a hurry, when meals cost too much, when you are eating in a crowded and noisy restaurant with a noisy street outside, your taste is dulled, your palate no longer recognizes the dash of liqueur, the trace of garlic, the blended herbs that make the subtlety of a classical French dish. If what you eat is healthy and inexpensive, you do not ask for anything more.

The French eat to live and no longer live to eat. The stomach must be satisfied, but how things taste no longer matters. In the old days when one wanted to praise a dish one said, "It's good." Today the advertisements say, "It's good for you."

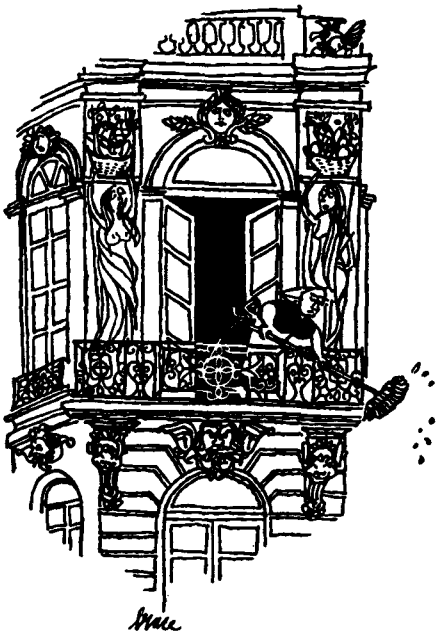
THE INIMITABLE elegance of the woman of Paris is no longer inimitable. In New York, Buenos Aires, Rome, or London, women can buy Paris styles ready-made. In Paris too. Only ten years ago the ready-made dress hardly existed in France. When a dress did not look right, you said it looked as if it came out of a department store. But now, French department stores dress the most particular women. Young girls from the provinces, enlightened by fashion magazines, affect the latest in hairdos, cosmetics, and dresses. The only drawback is that all the women look alike.

Le Strip Tease

"L'amour, l'amour!" Foreigners traditionally credit the French with a certain elegant, cheerful, and generally eager attitude toward love—but that attitude, too, is changing. To French youth now—Françoise Sagan is an example—love is more grief than joy.

As for plain bawdiness, frank ribaldry, they too are vanishing with the coming of the strip-tease era. How the French used to laugh when they first heard about American burlesque! How puritan, how inhibited could these poor Americans be to pay good money to watch a girl undress whom they would not even touch?

The first strip-tease establishments that opened in Paris after the war were considered exotic curiosities. It is very convenient, people said; we cannot go to the United States, but this is what we would see if we went. In those days the Crazy Horse Saloon with its barmen dressed up as cowboys was simply a take-off on the American strip tease. People went there to laugh. Today they still go there but they do not laugh so



much. They go there, in greater numbers than ever before, to watch girls who are expert and handsome, and they want the best seats.

The Crazy Horse is now the sophisticated outpost of the strip-tease invasion of France. From that top level, strip tease descends through night clubs, bars, theaters, down, down, down to the Moulin Rouge, where on Saturday nights you can watch what must surely be the ultimate: the work of amateurs. Once a week any girl who wants to compete for a prize of fifty thousand francs put up by the audience can go out on the stage and piece by piece unveil her charms, every one of them.

After an evening at the Moulin Rouge it must be admitted that the professional strip-tease stars—Dodo of Hamburg, Irma Takitoff—have a right to claim that their technique is art. They are undeniably right. It takes an artist to undress a feminine body, however faultless, without falling into the sordid.

CONFRONTED with the sudden vogue of the strip tease, French moralists and educators understandably enough weep and wail. Why the strip tease also reduces the immoralists to despair is not so immediately apparent. But their argument is unanswerable. The vulgarizing of all that is most intimate in the approach to love ruins the game. From the turn of the century until recently, all the details of seduction in French writing were founded on the lover's pleasure in the intimate process of undressing his mistress—a pleasure the greater in proportion to the lady's modesty. The strip tease ruins all this.

One glance at men and women coming out of the Moulin Rouge proves that the immoralists are right: These people look dazed and mournful; they have been deprived of something; worse, they have been humiliated. They have witnessed the parody of love's ritual and they go home with their faith in love destroyed.

Why, then, do the moralists complain about a spectacle that has such a depressing effect? They do so, of course, because religious people are as anxious as the irreligious and the voluptuaries to protect the human heart from any loss of passion. For it is passion, directed toward human beings or toward God—according to one's aim—that makes free, creative men and women. Chastity means nothing whatever if it is based on impotence.

The strip tease pretends to arouse desire; what it actually does, by a ruse, is to extinguish desire.

L'Art pour L'Argent

French publishing is also becoming Americanized. In the old days publishing dealt with literature. Literature was the word, and whereas the Word of God was meant for all human beings, the written word—the poet's, the novelist's, the historian's, and the critic's—was not concerned with the public and with numbers at all. When a publisher found himself compelled to discuss with an author such coarse matters as size of printing and price, he used to be damned as a low tradesman, and famous authors eloquently denounced him.

But today the American notion of the best-seller has transformed French publishing. The best-seller has become the base on which rests the present and future of any publishing house. Without best-sellers a firm would have to shut down;

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they alone make possible an occasional generous experiment.

Where does one find best-sellers? The answer is, anywhere. A man climbs a mountain, a girl loses her virginity, a doctor works in a hospital, a minister discovers a recipe for happiness—and what they write down, with or without talent, can quite possibly be a best-seller.

When money replaces the notion of quality in any business—publishing or watchmaking—judgment of values is inevitably affected. When a publisher's existence is at stake, it is very difficult to persuade him that a book which sells five hundred thousand copies is not five hundred times better than one which sells one thousand.

Nor is it easy to persuade the critic. No matter how literary his values may be, he is influenced by the vaguely Marxist idea that if great masses of people endorse a book, that book must contain a truth corresponding to the public's need.

Even the author is swept along by the current. He begins to judge his own work by what the public thinks of it; he works at his own publicity, happily going on TV, delightedly talking on the radio. He enters his book for one of the various literary prizes. He will try for the best of them first, the Goncourt; and he will have had the Goncourt in mind while writing—so and so on the jury likes dirt; so and so doesn't; so and so wants a story to have pace. It is not unusual to hear a writer say that he is writing a best-seller. He means what he says, although he will pretend to be joking. In the old days he would have said, in all earnestness, "I am writing a masterpiece."

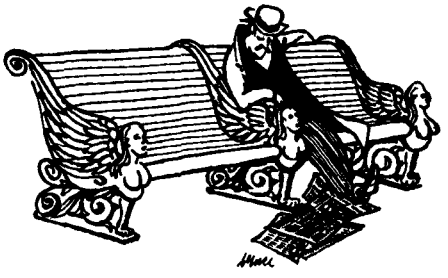
THE PARIS dailies and the illustrated magazines are trying their best to live up to their conception of the American press. They employ innumerable reporters, use innumerable photographs, spend a great deal of money, and worship tight deadlines. All this excitement boils down to this: They put the premium on the "facts" and the scoop.

Traditionally, French journalism has always been devoted to opinions and ideas. It was more important to know what a man of letters who had never left his desk in the Rue de l'Université thought about politics in the Far East than to have an eyewitness account from China written by some youngster calling himself a reporter.

All this is changing. It has become impossible to sell an article unless it appears to be full of facts. Every article must start out with a concrete detail: "On Thursday, September 16, at 11 A.M., Marietta Bella, sixteen, blonde, blue eyes, was riding her bicycle . . . one tire was low . . . at the intersection of . . ." It doesn't matter what comes after; you start everything as if it were a Missing Persons police call.

Of course, a change toward a somewhat more scientific approach could only benefit French journalism, which had gone too far toward guesswork and impressionism. Unhappily, however, the new development has its drawbacks: Anybody can rattle off "facts" on his typewriter, and in France "facts" are not checked. Five or six people involved in the story may object to its inaccuracy, but half a million readers won't care. Once a "fact" is provided, the French writer no longer bothers about what it may mean, or even whether it means anything at all. He draws no conclusions. Even the contradictory is permissible, since the "fact" implies reality, and in what is real there are many contradictions.

Another rule French journalism has taken from its image of Ameri-



can practice is that of the lead. The lead must attract attention. To do so, it must present a "fact"—a bloody or irritating or unbelievable or shocking or ridiculous fact. A journalist looking for a good lead for a weak story can be a remarkable poet.

In America a fact has to be observed or documented, and this respect for accuracy holds the American press in line. But the Frenchman is not a realist; he cares little about accuracy even when he accepts the fashion of factualism. His first inclination is to alter facts, and his second is never to believe them anyway. That is why French newspapers have never had so little influence as they have today.

Cauchemar

It amounts to this: The Frenchman sees all his traditions falling apart. He sees them being superseded by other traditions that do not suit him, created for and by people who have not his tastes.

He has accepted cafeteria meals, ready-made fashions, best-sellers, and facts unaccompanied by ideas. But there are two realms in which he stands firm against American influence: psychoanalysis and automobiles. He rather thinks psychoanalysis stands for timidity, and the very idea of "adjustment" offends him. The Frenchman does not want to adapt himself to anyone or anything; proud of his individual characteristics, no matter how odious they may be to others, he is convinced that if there must be adaptation it is up to the rest of the world to adapt itself to him.

As for automobiles, the bigger the American wants them to be, the smaller the Frenchman likes them. And this quite apart from economic necessities.

A whole nation has a single goal: to get into a little car and drive off for the holidays to some quiet little corner in the country. The French still maintain a predilection for the adjective "little." The vacation period is an obsession, a madness. The French rush off on their paid vacations as if the holidays justified all the rest of their existence. They forget about saving; they dismiss their worries. From July 15 to September 15, all France relaxes in three-week shifts in the country and on the beaches.

Then the French rest. Perhaps they dream. Perhaps their dreams are troubled. Do they see a future that they will make for themselves to man's measure? Or do they dream uneasily of a future of empty mechanical progress, the imitation of an alien society?

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Pop Goes The 'Enargia'

ROGER MAREN

When I first met him, a little over a year ago, the gifted young pianist, arranger, and composer Johnny Eaton was in the Princeton library at work on a paper dealing with certain similarities between the music of southern India, Bach, and Ella Fitzgerald. The paper had to be submitted within a few days as part of the work of his junior year in college, and Eaton could spare only a few minutes to discuss one of his other projects: the LP "College Jazz: Modern—Johnny Eaton and his Princetonians" (Columbia CL 737). The record, released only a few weeks before, had already received high praise from most of the jazz critics, and it seemed to me an excellent piece of work in its genre. On the other hand I had never been much impressed by that genre—the kind of music that relies heavily on techniques and attitudes acquired through "classical" training but which retains some elements of jazz: improvisation, a swinging beat, and the rudimentary harmonic structure of standard popular songs.

I met Eaton again a few weeks ago as he was getting together a new group of musicians to play with him on a concert tour booked for the fall. I had already heard his second LP, "Far Out, Near In" (Columbia CL 996), and my feeling hadn't changed much. I still wondered why a serious musician like Eaton chose to work in this style. To me it seemed self-defeating. The interesting chords, rhythms, polyphonic arrangements, and instrumentations invite the serious attention one ordinarily gives to "classical" music, but satisfaction on that level is almost always denied by the primitive beat, the looseness of the improvised sections, and the banality of the structure. Conversely, the primitive drive and intensity of jazz is usually inhibited by the more refined and intellectual elements.

If this style had been developed by uneducated and commercially minded musicians looking for a new gimmick, I could understand it. But most of the men involved with the style are devoted musicians with some training, and their motives are not wholly commercial. They seem really sold on the idea of developing the style into a serious popular art form. The idea is worthy, but the approach seems unpromising. I told Eaton that I didn't see how it could interest serious musicians and audiences or result in anything but an unconvincing jazz hiding behind an ill-fitting and pretentious mask of "culture."

"Let's put the question of style aside for the moment and just talk about jazz," Eaton began. "I like jazz for the beat and swing, of course, but I want to emphasize the collective improvisation. Jazz is almost the only music today—at least in western culture—in which men improvise together. I play jazz because it allows me, as a performer, to create spontaneously. As a composer I find it especially valuable because ideas keep bubbling up that I can draw on for more determined works."

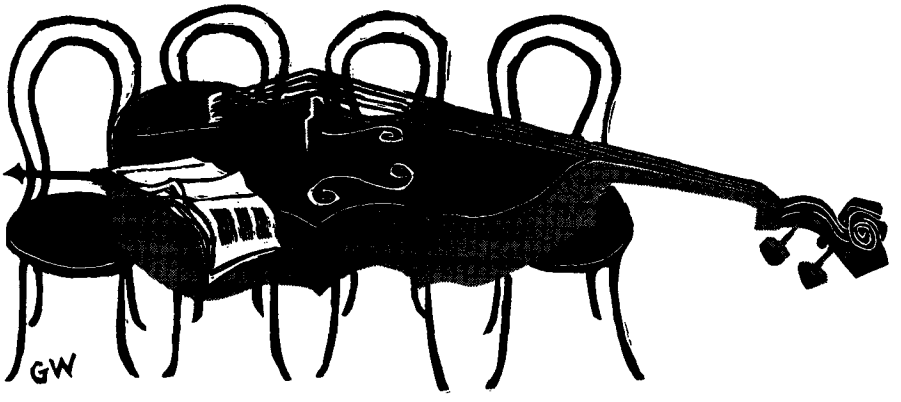
"But the problem of the determined work is what I'm getting at," I said. "Isn't the aim of a serious composer to determine carefully the relationship of all the parts of his piece? And aren't jazz pieces in conflict with this aim when well-knit arranged sections are interspersed with improvisation?"

"They don't have to be. You make serious music when the ideas are expressed coherently and interestingly. The relationships have to be significant and logical. You can do this in jazz. In our last record I took a solo on 'Summertime' that amazes me because it seems so well put together, and it was completely spontaneous. Improvisation doesn't necessarily have to be less rich, less subtle, or less coherent than composed music."

The Jazz *Weltanschauung*

Mention of richness and subtlety brought the conversation around to the subject of popular tunes. I asked Eaton why he used them as a basis for almost all his jazz work.

"What else are you going to use?" he asked. "Popular music is the taking-off point of jazz. That's all most jazz men can improvise on. That happens to be the situation at present. And what's wrong with a good popular song? It may contradict certain criteria of musical interest—there's no development and there must be a simple, easily perceived chord structure—but this doesn't have to conflict with our definition of seriousness. I'm not saying that I will want to work with pop tunes all my life. I would like to build toward something more complex. But I don't want to lose the jazz *Weltanschauung*, and I would if I got too complex. Few groups can handle very complex material. They wouldn't be able to improvise fluently. If we go beyond our present level, we'll have to do it gradually."



This surprised me, since much of Johnny's music sounds as though he

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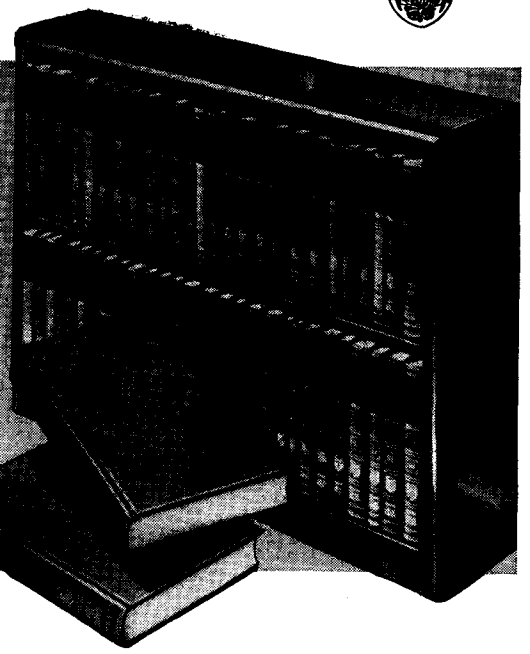

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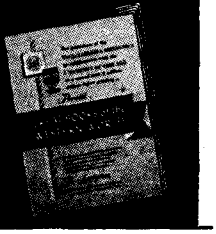

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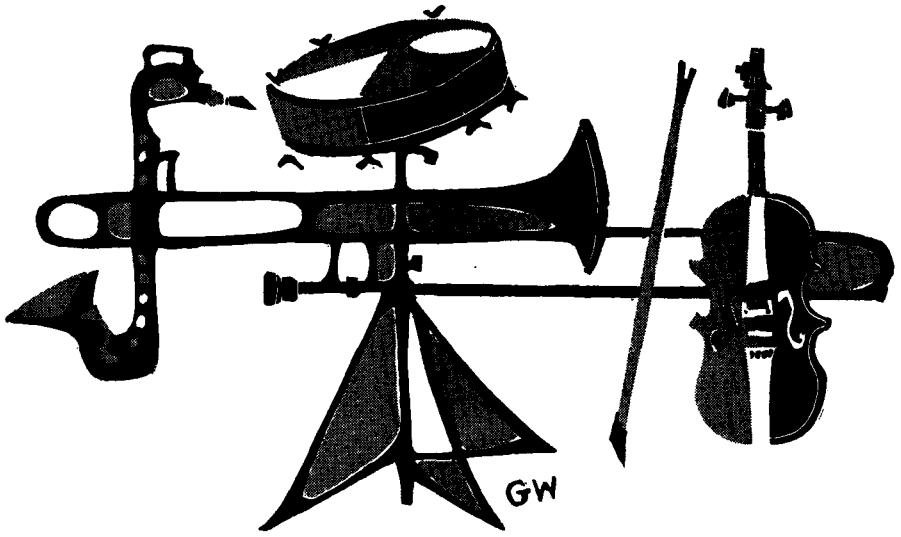

were loading the pop tunes he uses with as much long-hair cargo as they could bear.

"But that's exactly what I don't do," he objected with some vehemence. "I don't do anything just to appear highbrow. Most of my arrangements are written very spontaneously and very naturally—almost improvisation on paper. If there are a lot of long-hair elements in them, that's just because they are a part of me. I make no effort to put them in the music. When I write or play jazz, I just think in jazz."

I HAD TO ADMIT that Eaton's music sounded much less like cultural exhibitionism than the work of some groups. Some of the pieces like "I Got Plenty of Nuttin' " on the second LP are, in fact, quite simple. And there are some in which the complexities are handled skillfully enough to be completely unpretentious. ("Just Wedging," also on the second LP, is a delightful example.) But in many of the pieces there are passages employing devices—certain contrapuntal techniques, polytonality, complex chords, quotations from Schoenberg and Hindemith—that do not seem to fit in either with the simple structure, the improvisation, or with what Eaton told me. Although these passages are much less involved than one finds in most classical music, when they occur in Eaton's solos and arrangements they seem obtrusively complex in comparison with what other members of the group are playing. I wondered if perhaps it was only the work of his colleagues that made Eaton's contribution seem, by contrast, too long-hair. I asked if the men he played with could approach jazz as he did—whether or not they shared his rather considerable musical culture.

"The men I play with may not have had the same training I have," he said, "but they are all wonderful natural musicians. The trouble is that I haven't been able to work with any one group long enough to develop a perfectly integrated style. I hope to be able to do this with the group on the tour I'm beginning this fall. But I want to emphasize again my lack of interest in complexity per se. I want to work with a group long enough to develop the kind of coherence and integration that makes for good, listenable music. We have to play music that is serious enough to be listened to for itself. But we don't want to advance so fast that we lose the improvisation and the jazz."

The Mozartian Approach

I wanted to know if it wasn't really Eaton's concern for the audience—his concern for success—that determined this style of simplicity that was "serious enough to be listened to." After all, there are a lot of customers who want to flirt with seriousness and culture but don't want to make much of an exertion of mind or spirit.

"If you are accusing me of not being serious and of selling out to an audience, you are all wrong," he said. "Our largest audience is the record buyers. I haven't any idea what kind of people they are. And our concert audiences will be quite mixed. We try to play music that is good enough to make an appeal to all kinds of people—from the simplest to the most cultivated. Like the music of Verdi, particularly middle-period Verdi. This demands a complete absorption in and devotion to the object—to the music. In fact, the biggest kicks I get out of improvising with jazz men come at those few moments when everyone is completely involved with the object. I would say that such devotion is the *sine qua non* of serious music making, but it doesn't preclude wanting to delight an audience."

This time it was I who offered the classical example. Mozart opened his "Paris" Symphony with a flashy run for strings because he knew this was a convention that would delight Parisian audiences and bring applause. But it didn't prevent him from writing some of his finest music in the symphony.

"THAT'S RIGHT," Eaton said. "I don't think it would be wrong to compare at least our attitude with that of Haydn and Mozart. Or you could say that we are striving for a decorous consistency—to use a term from the Renaissance, when men knew most what they were talking about in literary and art criticism—a decorous consistency, all in proper proportion to the object and the means through which it is presented. I'm thinking of a word used all through the Renaissance—*'Enargia.'* It brings in the element of decorousness and also a certain light or splendor, perfection, fitness, aptness. It's a very good term to explain what one's relation to art should be."

At this exalted point Eaton left. I played the two LPs again while our conversation was still fresh in my mind. I found little light or splendor in them, but I was struck by a quality of witty charm that never came out in our conversation. I was also willing now to concede that this kind of jazz might have possibilities as a serious, though light, popular art. The trouble with these records is that they seem to beg for criticism that is too severe for them. If they fail, it is because they don't completely achieve the high aims they set for themselves.

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A Monarch In Exile

MARVIN FELHEIM

LONDON

CHARLES CHAPLIN'S new film *A King in New York*, now showing here, is the story of an Old World monarch, overthrown in a revolution, who flees to the New World in search of freedom, and who carries with him a blueprint for the peaceful uses of atomic energy to present to the AEC. He finds, however, that the United States is not a land of freedom, nor are the bumbling members of the AEC interested in his plans. He discovers instead the evils of television, of advertising, and of New York's noise; and he becomes a friend to a small boy, the son of former Communists, who is persuaded by the authorities to be a stool pigeon and tell the names of his parents' fellow travelers. These depressing discoveries prompt the king to leave a beautiful young advertising girl ("Oh, that I were twenty years younger!" is his mournful cliché) and return to Europe. The newly brain-washed little boy is also left behind in tears.

Much of the unofficial publicity connected with *A King in New York* has emphasized its criticisms of the United States: the fingerprinting of aliens, the rock-'n'-roll craze, television commercials, the treatment of suspected subversives. But most of these evils have been much more blatantly condemned in American films: a small-town librarian's suspected subversion in *Storm Center*, TV commercials in *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*, and rock 'n' roll in a dance sequence in the film version of *Silk Stockings*. I did not find *A King in New York* a satirical movie; it was, rather, a sad movie with moments, as one would expect in a Chaplin film, of wonderful humor.

BUT MELANCHOLY prevails. What emerges is nostalgia for youthfulness on Mr. Chaplin's part. The king regrets that he cannot really keep up with the young lady even though in an excess of vanity he has his face lifted. But the noise and exuberance of the United States, the speed of cars and elevators, the crowds on the streets—these are the things he cannot endure; they are youth, and Chaplin is old. But one can hardly feel sorry for him returning, as he presumably does, to his queen: Maxine Audley is incredibly beautiful and infinitely more attractive than Dawn Addams, the girl in advertising. The king's return to the Old World is truly symbolic. Nor is that world any Utopia, filled as it is with revolution and crooks (such as a former prime minister) and also, presumably, indifferent to a king with a blueprint for the peaceful uses of atomic energy.

Comic Genius and Dramatic Flaws

Still, there are some hilarious moments. The funniest sequence takes place at the movies, when "flash" previews break upon the rock-'n'-roll audience to proclaim the immanent maturity of the American film. Chaplin's miming is still capable of giving great joy: His attempt to order caviar in a noisy restaurant, his keyhole peeping, and his excruciatingly funny efforts to extricate his finger from the nozzle of a fire hose are touches of the old genius.

But the film contains major disappointments. First of all, the dialogue is frequently absurd ("To part is to die a little," murmurs the cliché-ridden king, and one wonders why he persists in reciting Hamlet's "To be or not to be" soliloquy, especially to misquote it). Second, there are technical flaws: the obvious London settings ("stalls" signs in the movie house, the "lift"), and the unattractive hotel suite where too many phone calls and too many knocks on the door remind one of a series of vaudeville routines.

THEN there is the sentimentality, always an ingredient of a Chaplin film, but here uncontrolled. Little Michael Chaplin performs with some skill, and yet only with difficulty can this ranting little egomaniac be accepted as a real child. As for the things he says, he is a puppet, a kind of monstrosity. We feel sorry when he makes a speech about passports and liberty, but we are not indignant, only surprised; does this kid want to travel? Then when he appears hungry and ill-clothed in the snow, we feel that the whole scene is a fake, an intrusion from an old movie.

Thus serious arguments lose their validity. The king deals with the boy by giving him presents, and we come to feel that that may be the only way. The authorities do not seem evil, simply untrained in child psychology.

There are flashes of the old Charlie Chaplin, of course. But at the center is Mr. Chaplin—writer, actor, director, producer, composer. (One must add that the music is superb.) Unhappily he is a sadder and an older man; the real punch is gone. His dethroned king is an ironically apt image.

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A Sleepless Night With the Beat Generation

GEORGE R. CLAY

ON THE ROAD, by Jack Kerouac. *Viking. $3.95.*

In the apartment Belinda sat drinking aspirin and Coca-Cola and reading the weather reports; Hairbreadth Harry was in the bathroom taking his midnight fix, clutching his old Porcellian necktie in his teeth for a tourniquet and jabbing with the needle into his woesome arm; Popeye was sprawled out with his girl on a stolen bed—the bed had been the deathbed of a big man and sagged in the middle. Colonel Hoople was rolling tea—green tea we grew in Medaglia d'Oro cans on the fire escape. It was a wonderful beat fire escape. It stopped two stories above the ground, a symbol of the new hung-up generation I was slowly joining.

"Come on," Belinda said, "let's get out there and dig the stars."

"But it's raining." It was too. It was drizzling and mysterious. I could see that it was all going to be one big saga of starless mist. But her breasts stuck out straight and true, and I was so lonely, so sad, so tired, so broken, so beat that I decided to go out with her anyway. I yanked at the window; it was nailed.

"Use the door," Belinda said. She was a nice little girl, tremendously frightened of sex. Hairbreadth Harry was peering at us through the bathroom mirror, watching this silly madness with slitted eyes.

"What do you want out of life?" I asked enigmatically.

"I don't know," Belinda said. She yawned. I put my hand over her mouth and told her not to yawn. I tried to tell her how excited I was about life, but she turned away wearily. "The window's nailed," she said. "It doesn't even lead to the fire escape. Let's use the door." Boys and girls in America have such a sad time together. I wanted to tell her how I felt; my mind was a riot of radiant ideas, but I couldn't talk because Popeye was charging around in his bathrobe making semi-ironical speeches and Colonel Hoople was screaming "Yes! Yes! Yes!" I was a child of the earth trying to decide something in the night and having all the weight of past centuries ballooning in the dark before me. Finally I made up my mind.

"O.K.," I said. "We'll use the door."

"Whither goest thou, America?," Colonel Hoople rasped.

Just then Belinda slipped and fell flat on her face on the grillwork. She lay there digging the wet ash cans four stories below. Gentle, perceptive laughter rang from all sides. We were mad drunken Americans in a mighty land. When I saw the lights of Hoboken across the mysterious Hudson, I let out a yahoo. I had to go. I was itching to go. I went back to the dirty laundry pile to look for my shirt. It was there, all tied up, the whole enormous sadness of a shirt. I dropped some pennies on the floor when I put my pants on. They were my last pennies. All I had left was my G.I. check and a few hundred dollars my aunt had sent me. Everyone tittered maniacally; we rolled out onto the storied, eager Greenwich Village streets.

THE TRIP to the ferry was uneventful except that Colonel Hoople stole two cars and robbed an ice-cream parlor. When we reached the mysterious Hudson the ferry wasn't running any more, but Popeye's father, an old wino who used to work the boiler, had pinned a note on the wheelhouse for us. It said: "Life is holy and every moment is precious. If nobody's around, lower a lifeboat." The note was weather-beaten, a weatherbeaten-generation note on a real gone ferry.

It was still drizzling and I was rowing and we were drifting toward the ocean. All I wanted to do was disappear somewhere and go and

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find out what everybody was doing all over America. I had fallen on the beat and evil days that come to young guys in their middle twenties. I pointed our bow toward the jazz continent, Belinda began to bail, and finally we made it—Hoboken, where the beatest characters in the country swarm on the sidewalks. Juke boxes were blowing nothing but blues, bop, and jump. It was a night to hug your girl and talk and spit and be heavengoing. I let out another yahoo, Popeye said "Yass! Yass!," and we hit the bars. Going through some swinging doors, Colonel Hoople grabbed my shoulder and rasped, "Whither goest thou, America?" He slitted his eyes and looked straight at me. "What you going to do with yourself, Pal?"

"I don't know," I said. "I just go along. I dig life." I felt beat. I had nothing to offer anybody but my confusion. No matter. Before I could gloom over it we ran into wild, ecstatic Barney Google. He could hardly get a word out, he was so excited with life.

"Let's cross back over the great storied river!," he moaned, rolling his neck in spastic ecstasy. "Let's dig the Village!"

"Yass! Yass! Yass!"

Back in the rowboat, Belinda bailed while we all told the stories of our lives with true relaxation and knowledge, tittering maniacally and gobbling Benzedrine tubes. Colonel Hoople sat in the stern with the Bhagavad-Gita in his lap and an air gun which he occasionally raised to pop benny tubes at passing tugs, and I knew, I knew like mad that everything I had ever known and would ever know was One. "Whooee!" I yelled, every bone shuddering with boyish excitement.

WE HAD REACHED the storied shores of Manhattan and the end of the continent. We stole another car and were hitting the East Side dives when Belinda remembered we had left Hairbreadth Harry in Hoboken, so back we went, across the great mysterious river.

When we hove to, there sure enough was Hairbreadth leaning his long thin face at us maniacally. I could see that he no longer cared about anything, but he *cared about everything, in principle:* the pit and the prune juice of poor beat life itself. We formed a ragged line and bent our minds to the goal. Yes, zoom! We went mad with sweats and insanity, children of the American bop night. We wandered toward the main drag again, negotiating dark mysterious blocks. It was a storied night in old gone Hoboken.

"If I could only tell you all the personal high-eternity thoughts I've had, man!" Colonel Hoople said. "*Then* you'd know about time and whither and IT!" He was sweating. His eyes were redstreaked and mad and also subdued and tender.

We decided to row back to the Village so Hairbreadth could take his 4 A.M. fix, but when we got there it all seemed so frantic, so full of glorious gloom with everything closing, that we came about and pointed for Hoboken and the vast continent again—then back to the Village because Hoboken was closing too—then over, then back just to dig the dark river, then over and back. We must have crossed that beat Hudson a dozen times that night, picking up junkies, winos, dishgirls, and bop artists on either shore until the lifeboat sank and we all doggy-paddled for Manhattan. Back in the apartment, we grabbed girls and danced. There was no music, just dancing. The place filled up. People began bringing bottles. No liquor, just bottles. I stood on the beat fire escape and watched it all through slitted eyes. Why had I come back here? Why had I made all those trips? Nothing had been accomplished. What was there to accomplish?

"So you want to do something big in this gone world? You want to double-*dig?*" It was Belinda, talking to Colonel Hoople. They were on the stolen bed. The Colonel nodded ecstatically. Belinda yawned and rolled toward the wall.

"Go wash an elephant," she said wearily. "Go dig the Suez Canal."

HEARING that, I finally knew—knew time, knew whither, knew IT! I would write a novel—a real gone hung-up novel, not a novel the early way, full of plots and characters and such, but sadder—every page so much sadder and perceptive, and above all meaningless.

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3A

Many Hands Make Heavy Work

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

PARKINSON'S LAW, and other studies in administration, by C. Northcote Parkinson. *Houghton Mifflin. $3.*

Among students of administration, Professor Parkinson has the added distinction, along with a sense of humor, of being widely regarded as a myth. His was thought to be the amusingly pretentious name selected by the editors of the *Economist* a couple of years back for their somewhat serious, somewhat whimsical allegations that public employment will always expand quite without regard to the job to be done. This proposition was defended by statistics showing the steady expansion in the staff of the Admiralty and in the administrative and clerical staff of the dockyard establishments as, over the years, the number of ships and men in the British Navy declined. It was reinforced by the observation that as more and more colonies achieved self-government, more and more men were employed in the Colonial Office.

Nothing is so good for the soul as an attack on the insane fecundity of the bureaucrats. Moreover, this one was in pleasant contrast to the exceedingly solemn eruptions at the annual Congress of Industry of our National Association of Manufacturers.

One of the publishing curiosities of our time is the document that gets mimeographed and remimeographed and eventually achieves a circulation, one supposes, in the hundreds of thousands. Along with Stevenson's 1952 speech to the Gridiron Club and more recently the Eisenhower version of the Gettysburg Address, Parkinson's law has enjoyed the distinction of such chain-letter publication.

PARKINSON does exist—he is Raffles Professor of History at the University of Malaya—and his observations on administration were made during wartime service with the British War Office and the R.A.F. He has since published further essays (e.g., *The Reporter,* August 8, 1957), and now his unorthodox views on organized behavior have appeared in a book. It must be said immediately that the essays were better than the book for the simple reason that the latter required quite a bit of padding. An amusing book can never be padded because in the process what elsewhere was funny inevitably becomes silly.

Nonetheless, in the main this is a deft and perceptive little volume. Along with Parkinson's law proper, the author discusses the immutable tendency of committees (important ones, at least) to grow beyond their ability to do useful business, and the forces that impel all deliberative bodies to deal at greatest length with the least important items on their agenda—since these are the simplest, they are understood by the most people present and hence induce the longest speeches. He goes into the tendency of all organizations to house themselves in magnificence just after the time when they begin their irrevocable decline. So it was with the Papal court, the French monarchy at Versailles, and the League of Nations, and so it must be with *Time* and *Life*, both of which are to be housed in a forty-seven-story addition to Rockefeller Center.

'We Can Mismanage Things . . .'

Professor Parkinson's experience of public administration was in Britain. With a keen eye to the American audience, either he or his publisher substituted dollars for pounds in the examples and worked an occasional American reference into the illustrations. It wasn't enough. The book is unmistakably British, and there is a nice question about how applicable the more insane of the British administrative mannerisms are to this country. Many will

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want to insist, I think, that we can mismanage things in our own American way.

Parkinson's principal contention is that men are impelled for various reasons, including advancing age and desire for self-esteem, to ask for assistants, and these subordinates in turn must have someone work for *them*. Even the simplest task then becomes difficult because it must be divided among and checked by so many people. In any occupation where papers must be passed, it is the rule that many hands make heavy work. Consequently, everyone keeps busy.

No doubt these tendencies work over here as well. But other forces go further to explain our tendency to proliferate jobs and men. One of these is our inexorable insistence on specialization. After a man is out of college and established in his line of work, though he must know a lot about the tasks on which he is engaged, he cannot reasonably or even decently be asked to learn anything new. His line of work may be pretty narrow and usually is, and as a result it takes a lot of men to provide the span of knowledge necessary for the performance of the simplest task. There was a legend in the wartime OPA that the head of the Food Division once imported a man from one of the pickle companies to fix a ceiling price on pickles. Almost immediately this man pleaded for help. His entire education and experience, it seemed, was in sweet pickles; he needed a man who was knowledgeable in dill.

We also have our own tendency to create organizations on the basis not of need but of plausibility. After the war we had a sizable staff in Washington—in addition to the multinational Far Eastern Commission—for guiding affairs in occupied Japan. This was certainly plausible; Japan was very important. But in Washington in those days there was an extreme reluctance to send orders or even suggestions to the Supreme Commander, Allied Powers, and an even more marked uncertainty about what General MacArthur did with those he received. Certainly he was a very poor hand at answering his mail. Under these circumstances the work of those who were running Japan from Washington was exiguous in the extreme. As I recall, however, everyone was quite busy.

Again, the wartime Office of Lend-Lease Administration, a large organization replete with building, staff meetings, and a remarkable number of deputy and assistant administrators, accorded in magnificence with the billions that were going to our allies. In fact, its functions were barely perceptible. The manpower involved in making over money to the British, even when the amounts were in the billions, was very small. The resulting procurement was nearly all accomplished by other agencies. There were no important policy problems apart from decisions on what was to be procured, and these decisions were matters for direct bargaining between the recipient governments and our services or supply agencies, since both wanted the same things. Again, however, everyone at Lend-Lease was fairly busy.

I do not suggest that Professor Parkinson should have known about our tendency toward redundant specialization and functionless organization. I cite it merely to suggest that where administrative aberration is involved, our own cultural traditions are by no means inferior to those of the British.

I would like to add one word of caution, both to readers of this comment and to those who will delight in Parkinson's thrusts against the bureaucrats. Let it be remembered that these tendencies do not stop at the District of Columbia line. A businessman who delightedly drew my attention to Parkinson's thesis on overstaffing was amiably willing, when pressed, to concede that he had noticed it also in Dupont. In his home company, the possibly apocryphal sweet-pickle man did have an assistant who specialized in dill, and that was why he felt at a loss in Washington. The Office of Lend-Lease Administration was staffed by lofty and decorative corporate executives most of whom didn't realize that they were unemployed. There was really nothing to distinguish their new situation from their old.

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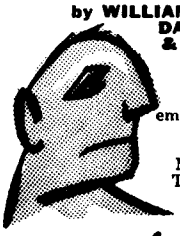

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Book Notes

SOUTH FROM GRANADA, by Gerald Brenan. *Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $4.*

These random recollections of Mr. Brenan's show a quality of friendliness for the people of southern Spain. That does not come as a surprise in a Briton who chose to live in a small village near Granada for seven years after the end of the First World War and who now, after another, is again living in Spain, near Malaga. Mr. Brenan's book is not concerned with politics; it does not exhort or scold; it is a record of confidence established, and understanding.

BARUCH: MY OWN STORY, by Bernard M. Baruch. *Holt. $5.*

There is a mystery about Bernard Baruch's long career as an elder statesman and adviser to Presidents—a mystery that is not dispelled in *My Own Story,* the first volume of a projected two-volume autobiography. Perhaps the second volume, picking up the chronology at the vague point where the first one ends, will set matters right. Perhaps we shall be told precisely what advice he actually gave to seven Presidents, how much of the advice they took, how much they rejected, and how much they never heard.

In this first volume there are a number of disjointed anecdotes about Mr. Baruch's forebears, about the Wall Street transactions in which he made or lost money, about some of the Wall Street characters he knew, and about some of the famous people who visited him at Hobcaw Barony. All this is pleasant enough, but it hardly makes the author an elder statesman. As if to correct the fault, Mr. Baruch intersperses examples of his celebrated wisdom in chapters variously entitled "My Investment Philosophy," "The Negro Progresses," and "The Years Ahead." But even this isn't very deep stuff.

If amid the disorder there is a single theme that gives a sense of unity to the whole, it is Mr. Baruch's proposition that "the natural law of supply and demand" is a force one has to respect if one wishes to grow rich. Ironically, however, the anecdotes Mr. Baruch groups around this proposition almost invariably go to show how men got rich by pure luck, by favored information from insiders, by commissions on the risks other men took, and by the manipulation of capital in ways that were specifically designed to keep "the natural law of supply and demand" from functioning.

THE ARTS AND CIVILIZATION OF ANGKOR, by Bernard-Philippe Groslier. Photographs by Jacques Arthaud. *Praeger. $15.*

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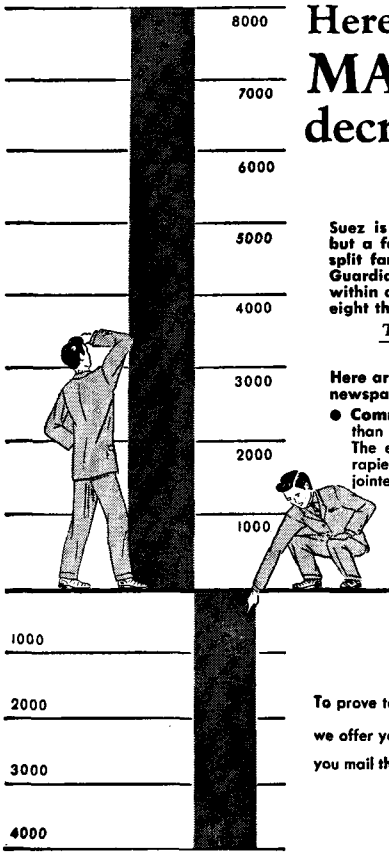
An informative text, 118 photographs—some in color, and a section identifying deities and mythical figures justify the price of this excellent volume.



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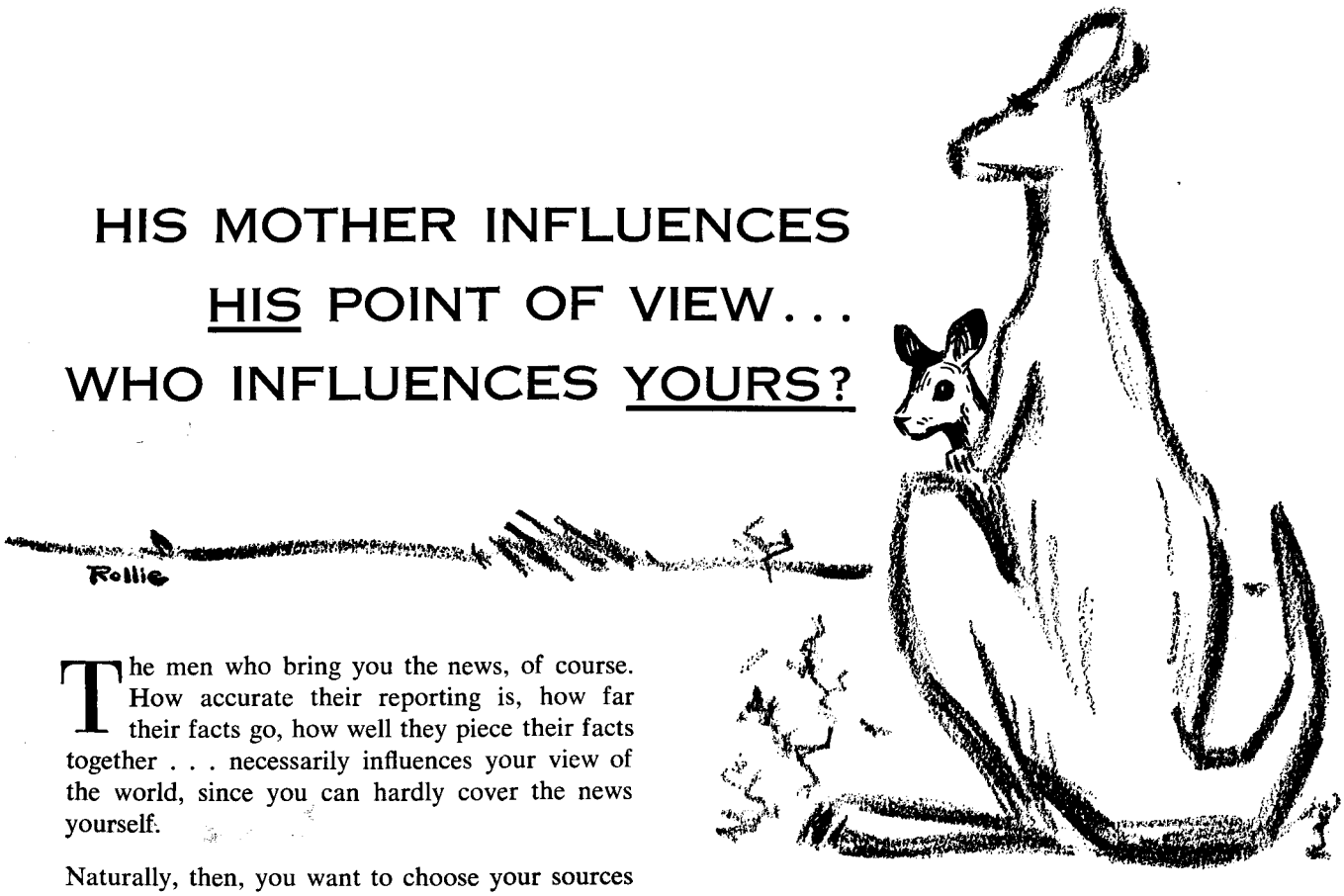

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